

CHINA'S HOUR

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TO
MY WIFE

PREFACE

IT is four years since the Kuomin Army (the Nationalist Army), derided by a world of unsympathisers, marched northward from Canton to set China free. Three years saw the task completed. The Powers have jealously and unsuccessfully endeavoured to secure new liens on a country potential beyond any other in the world. The Press of the world has been vocal as to the need of China's reorganisation: business interests have clamoured against her, because in her hour of bitter poverty, her hour of cataclysm, she could not satisfy demands possible of fulfilment only in a people internally at peace.

China suffered during the War in Europe a lesion of the soul well-nigh irredeemable. Her Labour Battalions in the West learnt both a ferocity of destruction and a contempt of a civilization they could not understand. No less old is the story of President Wilson's Fourteen Points, and of China's enslavement to Japan's Twenty-one Demands. Such a disaster of moral despair the world has never witnessed before; nor will it witness ever so disastrous a birth-event in a people's hour of resurrection.

This book deals with the mentality of this people—their greatness, their wretchedness, their ideal for themselves, their culture, their art, their aspiration.

The peoples of the world are remorselessly divided by a refusal to see each other's point of view. Yet by the seeing of other points of view, and in the consequent friendly and just action of peoples harmonised, alone can we maintain a world of sufficient variety, and sufficient lines of progress, to survive the attacks, the constantly repeated attacks, of a barbarism never even semi-dormant. Every incitement to obstinacy or recalcitrance of nations and interests; every determined effort to regard the peoples of the world as aboriginally and permanently divided in mind or habits—must form a supplementary cause of the confusions that yet bring starvation to millions, in agony of superinduced savagery, infanticide, iniquity. Need any man stress this truth in a day of supposed civilised ideals, or even of practical self-seeking? Self-seeking surely includes the peace, prosperity, and highly-coloured world we desire our sons to inherit—not the whip, suffered or wielded.

May we not take the psychological and cultural view in history, the view that sees no use in humanity but to create—to carve out of a world of blind material forces neither Bolshevism nor Imperialism, but a human soul?

JOHN NIND SMITH.

March, 1930.

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CHAPTER I THE CHINESE MIND

THE Chinese people numbers three hundred and fifty millions. Of kindred extraction are the Burmese, Siamese, and many inhabitants of Siberia. Allied with them in thought and feeling are the inhabitants of Malaya. Chinese thought is the thought of over one-third of the human race emerging now in pride and agony triumphant from submergence and suppression: it is one of the three distinctive manners of racial mentality, the third being the negro mind. These mentalities are different, so that none can share the thoughts of another without foreign training; linguistic understanding commonly convinces all of the others' mendacity. Here are the protagonists of a possible Armageddon, the allies of a possible millennium, drifting fast to hatred.

It is not in the nature of men to accept a statement so seemingly improbable: it is not my object to be obscurantist. But I must add another hard axiom. Few visitors to China, much less those who have been in that country more than a year, can fail to see there the sole perfect development of a type of thought entirely intuitional, a culture perfect in a peculiar beauty of its own. China, completely philosophised two thousand years before Achilles fell, stands today

high in her clouds and sunshine and forgetfulness, the flowers of six thousand years of social culture—China, with all the characteristics so repulsive to Western clock-organisation, and all the scents that sear the heart of dull humanity to a realisation of all ages past. The people pass, their tree blooms for a season; all is lost, all found. They are complete in their satisfaction of mortality. They are the people of human intellectual intuition (I speak in defiance of Bergson, who falsely confounds intuition, the human attribute, with blind animal instinct). They are lost in a whirl of understanding, an intoxication of power: power not their own, since Nature is their god, human nature their habitation.

For the Chinese mind derives from the worship of the family. Western readers may be surprised when I say that our ideas of family loyalty would to a Chinese or Japanese appear profane. What do I mean by family loyalty? I mean the adherence to a group of blood-relations large or small, to the exclusion, wherever there is a conflict, of all other moral ties. The Chinese family possesses a unity of a nature so indissoluble as to constitute a bodily entity, wherever and however widely scattered, living and dead. It is a tie unique between men, born and unborn, dead and in the womb of women; it was once the only tie in Chinese life: they cared not one jot nor tittle for any outsider of their own or another race. This is the fact on which Chinese life breaks wherever a foreigner touches it; this is the soul possessing all Chinese; and this is the great attraction of China for all Europeans, in a day when

we have abandoned family worship. We had it once; nobody can travel in England sympathetically without seeing the grain of a once fruitful family civilisation.

The houses in China, whether rich or poor, are beyond dreams of an Englishman; for they express the family with so tender a beauty of complete and old-world homeliness as only in dreams an Englishman beholds in the house of his fathers lost in history. There are faces there, lost, contented, divine in self-effacement, in the delight of limitation accepted of the father's house.

Chinese art is accordingly the art of a people finding in traditional design eternal re-enlightenment. The suggestion is limitless: the design, the means of expression, the most strictly limited of all. It is the past: it is the great normality of creation; it is the wall of the home decorated. There is no attempt to transcend the limit of a flat medium; but within that limit the perspective is the perspective of eternity. Their beauty, though limited, has no inherent limitation. It is complete freedom expressed in terms of law. The flowers, trees, branches, bloom in a vacuum. Life is there underived, flowers unseeding. For time is lost in an eternal present. Tradition is of now, not of a chronology. So, too, with Chinese music. Limited more narrowly than any other in its instrumentation, with its bird-voices and its stone drum expressing pebbles falling from precipices or turning in water, with its long-derived and infinitely repeated folk-melodies, it is the music of all times, the music of creation, of the tree and the flower,

inaudible save to ears of romance, of love. Innumerable are its tones, innumerable its jokes, innumerable its appeals to every sense of mind and body. For such is the view of art that finds limitlessness in the eternal circle of nature, that chooses as its symbol the dragon, the animal that is all creative powers; such is the soul that worships water, seeing in it the symbol of escape in resignation.

The moon above the flood scintillates,
The flood reflects her immobility;
I weep for them, whose deep night separates
Love they have lost for all eternity.*

This explains, incidentally, the Chinese use of the abacus, that perfect contrivance, worked with such wonderful skill, by which figures are abolished and limitless calculations achieved in an instant on the uniform pebbles and bamboo sticks. Time has no past in their arithmetic: arithmetic to them is a phase of the timeless. No figures: no movement: a few snaps: the pebbles resume their positions: time has produced but uniformity. Such is the abacus, an instrument which the Chinese alone can use with supreme ease. They have relegated numbers to their place as an uniform dissection and desiccation of the changing. They are the philosophers of eternity. The Japanese (watch him) goes through all the horrors of mental arithmetic when working the abacus; he would do better with figures on paper. For the abacus represents a complete uniformity: none but the Chinese understand such a thing. The Western has a mental picture of a figure. Even the

* From the famous poem by Wong Ching-Wai.

higher arithmetician, even Einstein, even Newton with his pippin, have mental pictures accompanying and vilifying the abstraction which they strive to mould into the being of life.

It is the same story with consecutive Chinese writing. The characters can be written any way or all ways at once. There is no time-order. Watch a Chinese reading to another Chinese a letter in his or her own language (for female characters are differently written). He may read it all through first: he may take in only a long section at a time; but his eye picks out this bit, then that: he simplifies, explains: he is not reading it as written in order: he is an artist faced with Keats' eternal landscape, the landscape of the writing finer than Michelangelo, more refined than Corot, the writing that is sacred, the writing no foreigner can read, the protection and the glory of a people one-quarter of humanity, and more.

Such, then, is the Chinese writing, their family, their everlasting supremacy. For they have a supremacy, like other peoples. I turn to the Chinese idea of love. It is a love of a motif different from that of ours. Its fountain-head is the family, its limits are fixed by tradition immemorial, and there is in it beauty unrealisable for the despair of poets. It is the same in all classes.

But beneath this sorrow, the base of all Chinese legend, there is also deliberate judgment of a kind we never dream of. For the Chinese have said that they will test love to the end. This is in the whole family doctrine of Confucianism, itself an expression

of the genius of the race. And failure to achieve perfect love and submission of the lover leads to a revenge of unbounded intensity. The Chinese revenge is proverbial. It has the passion of madness. Let me cite the famous saying of Lao-Tse that "nothing gives way as easily as water, yet nothing so expresses the power of life by overcoming the hard and powerful." As in the Gospel of St. John, and commonly in the East, water means love. Love yields and yields. If it be dammed, and dammed again, it breaks loose. It sweeps all away. Such is the Chinese method of dealing. It is love or destruction. There is no middle way. Hence their bitter hatred, their ancient, terrible punishments. Hence their revenge in suicide or murder. "Lex talionis" all the way. Few people may take liberties with the Chinese and get away unharmed.

I cannot here pass by a mention of the well-known Chinese doctrine of corporate punishment. It is an idea repugnant to us, but founded on an intimate knowledge of human psychology. They have practised for many thousand years a system now decreasing in scope, by which members of a family or village, and always his teacher, suffer for the sin of an individual. And if this creed is today obsolete and losing devotees even in the furthest villages, it is nevertheless engrained in Chinese sentiment. Therefore every wrong done by a foreigner, every vulgarity committed, goes into a vast sea of consciousness, of memory eternally exaggerated by a people who love small talk better than any—goes as a comment the greatest possible upon all members of a

man's race and colour. Only China knows what appalling results are being produced every hour by foreigners unconscious of their responsibility: how England has lost her prosperity through the unofficial-official propaganda and actions of a "China group."

Furthermore, the family sentiment of China makes it impossible for a man to wrong any Chinese without making enemies of a whole clan, and also a secret society. These secret societies are the modern expression of the old clan spirit: they are family alliances of a vast order. The largest of such mutual interest societies (always allied closely with a particular political colour) numbers four millions, including three and a half million men. Such societies are tremendous powers, and gather cohesion in proportion to their size. It is not uncommon for a member to be killed if he or she give away one crime committed, or one opinion held, by a fellow-member, or put his or her personal or family interests before those of this vast hive scattered in every land.

There is another characteristic we must observe in the Chinese method of judging. Readers of Milton will be familiar with the mentality which takes abstractions and adjectives, and sees in them the real things; the people and objects usually regarded by men as substantial entities, and therefore expressed in substantives, being regarded as abstract bundles of concepts. The idea is familiar in logic: furnishing indeed, curiously enough, the foundation of Western thinking. But it is only in philosophy, and in scientific analysis, that the West employs the method

of a logic which is China's everyday thought, though not her philosophy. Indian logic does not follow the syllogism of abstraction: nor does Chinese. In philosophy they both deal, as does the Negro, with solid and identic individualities. But it is in practical life, just where we refuse to regard a philosophic process as even sane (for the philosopher least of all would live by philosophic ideas), that the Oriental and the Negro and the Indian begin to think abstractly. Men are judged not as individuals, but as dramatised qualities. Moral philosophy begins here: and the more intimately known a man becomes, the more real he is to them, the more is he judged as a panoramic review of qualities. This explains many things. It explains why and how a concept like "Humanity," constantly invoked by Oriental political thinkers, is an entity to them, though a mere abstract name to us.

A man must watch his actions. For actions establish qualities: qualities once established take permanent post, and produce instances: and the East is a hotbed of such instances, which are uniformly regarded as true, and impossible of question, because they are logical exemplifications of the walking syllogisms to which we are all reduced by a people determined to see us as we really are, while we are quite as determined to appear as we are not. There is much to be added to this theme. But suffice it to say that the White Man's Burden is his *reductio ad absurdum* in the minds of a people sworn to reduction in every department of life. The Chinese are, indeed—in all they do, say, and state in criticism—the perfect caricaturists. This is because their laughter is es-

sentially of the mind. Low-life comedy is to them vulgar, and excites to laughter only because of a critical sense of its ridiculous character. It is not life: it is absurdity, and a laughable criticism on its own existence. This is a view of life excluding our first incentive to laughter. It is a view of life expressible only in the remark of an American, "These Chinese don't laugh like us. They laugh like professors, or some damned thing." It is therefore easy to realise their love of Charlie Chaplin, whose whole attitude is typically that of a sufferer eternally surprised at himself for thinking anything funny at all. "Charles Chaplain," as the Chinese call him, is a man to conjure with in the Far East: and I myself have experienced the charm there of his whimsical personality, in that his name is a word of world-pacification, the only one I know. And so we of England have one live bond with China. It is our love of Charlie Chaplin.

The Chinese applies his sense of humour unsparingly to himself and his fate. He is exceptional in this respect. He laughs at himself with nice discrimination: for laughter, as he says, is dangerous but for an eternal appreciation of the basic flaws in humanity. He will go to death in appreciative laughter, because he sees in his own insignificance and tragedy and loneliness the highest comedy of all. And it is not in tears alone that China faces today her obliteration in starvation and disease. But because a man laughs, he is not necessarily a happy man; and the Chinese are at heart miserable: so miserable that they dare not face reality; they face

instead an idealised imagination of themselves and their doings, and face it in histrionic comedy.

The misery of the Chinese springs from a life of starvation, lived for five thousand years and terribly accentuated during the last two hundred. The reasons have been political. The Chinese have seen a vision of life so terrible, so hopeless, that they face in laughter a world of horror—not only in the realisation of death, but in the realisation of a life never to be fulfilled. "Cleon" of Browning is the Chinese coolie hopeless in the gutter, the Chinese rich man or soldier hopeless in victory or luxury.

But there is a phase of the growing laughter of the Chinese today, which has not met with sufficient understanding. It is the laughter of a people against their enemies, the reply to those who openly despised them, in an epoch of internal corruption, and to the contempt and imposed degradation, backed by cannon and gun, of peoples superior in the mechanism of human destruction.

Springing from this horror of helpless hatred, there has grown up, in compensation, a sense of the comedy at the root of a persecution unparalleled at the hands of persons professing non-resistance as an ideal of their humanised god: and if, in Africa and other places, "be good or you will be sorry" has been altered in process to "be nothing and you will be good," a Chinese may be forgiven for laughing even in his hour of agony, as a child may sometimes laugh at the severity of a moralistic teacher which finds vent upon his tender and unprotected anatomy.

Derived from this is the laughter of degradation

in victory. For only by adopting Western means—despicable to them as theirs are to us—have they assimilated themselves to a struggle for existence in diplomacy and war. And I am not exaggerating when I indicate, as the main reason of the failure of Doctor Sun Yat-sen to inculcate his Westernising doctrine of a national war, as the Western peoples have conceived it, the resistance of China to a culture repulsive to her through and through.

I here must stress a point of supreme emphasis. It is the helplessness of the Chinese, their complete self-distrust, in face of ridicule from abroad or from the foreigner in their midst, or in negotiation with them, or writing in the Press of the world. This weakness of theirs, far above any other, is the only one that may yet destroy them at the hands of enemies or would-be masters, whose laughter deters them repeatedly, in their hour of success, from any great constructive policy or measure of necessary self-preservation or justice. Laughter is the weapon that has repeatedly enabled their enemies to play them for ruin.

Never will the West, despite such efforts as that of Hovelaque or Lowes Dickinson, understand the root cause of contempt between West and East—namely, that the Eastern Peoples, pacifist at heart, treasure above all things liberty to evolve on their own line, and refuse our ideas, whether of justice or expediency or progressive culture. For they see, in the last resort, that the culture of the West is untrue, powerless, hypocritical—a buttonhole in the coat of men to whom flowers, of nature or culture, are useful only

as a decoration. "Culture" is a word in the West, a decoration maybe. In the East it is the life of humanity. Beauty is for a Chinese the essence of all life: and beauty is the freedom in expression of a race bound by immemorial ties and formalities.

What are these formalities? I have not described them. Perhaps in a book upon the mind and people of China such a description may be expected first of all. Much has been written of Chinese formalities. One only I consider worthy of relation: it is that of bowing three times before the portrait of an ancestor. Never in all history have men and women been certain of their own superiority as are these. Why? It is because they have a writing so perfectly expressive of every phase of human life that all art fails to approach its superb liberty of self-expression. Its meaning, again, is liberty in law. Chinese characters are formal: they are also infinitely personal. They are the individual-in-evolution, the great society in which all exist and are non-existent: they are evolution, life and death, alpha and omega, humanity in transit. Humanity in transit is enough for them. For us it is never enough; hence we produce form after form of aspiration to eternity. But China rests in earth, in confidence of content. Her writing, therefore, and her art take the form the most purely æsthetic: that of individual objects in their narrow limit, their limitless boundary. So also with their colour values. Never in all the world has an art of colour so gorgeous been produced; for Chinese colour is of the bird and tree and flower, indiscriminate and harmonious as they. Freedom is not here;

but design is lacking also. China knows that love is undesigned and unfree.

Alone of all men, the Chinese can never accept a foreigner, because he will not accept China as something more valuable than life eternal.

Who, then, is the god of this mortality, whom they worship in place of our God of resurrection? The Chinese worship as God the father of the family, the power of paternal care. They see this in the head of the family: to him also they look as First Cause of their existence. It is questionable how far this obtains consciously: it is unquestionable that this is the root of their existence. For look at a Chinese, and you will see one thing plain: he is callous of almost all except an inner loyalty and love; nor is the love of his wife or children or friend the love of his inner being. The love of the father is. If a Chinese lose that, he may find in Buddhism, or even Christianity, a substitute: but never will he find a satisfaction.

A Chinese Buddhist is a man miserable and prone to long hours of abolition of faculty. Opium and Buddhism are the twin enemies of Chinese character: and in psychological effect they are the same. Both are attempts to drug a soul which cannot love the inevitable tomb of his fathers.

When the dead goes to his god, his father, he abides in the tomb in the hill, watching the landscape he loved. The tomb is precisely like a miniature Greek Theatre, with the stone door of the sepulchre facing the seats: and I suggest, in passing, that the Greek Theatre took its origin from necromancy, as

its masks, plots, and rising rhythm of creepiness so outwardly suggest. Study it, and you scent from the first line the odour of death, as the last line is death in glorification of Olympus.

If we pass with the dead of China to heaven, what do we find there? China. It is said by the Chinese that "the dead rest forever in China, but nowhere else"; hence the religious attention with which Chinese bodies are returned to China for interment, hence the family vault. In the heart of his family, the tomb, the dead Chinese father calls to his family living for offerings, prayer-papers, against devils; he calls, and they answer. For he is earthbound, and his heaven is his imagination and vision come true: his vision of his family in prosperity, in perpetuity, on the acre of his love and husbandry.

It is in the game of a people that you find their character. The Chinese game of games is Wei-chi. The great Chinese game of Chess has come over to the West; the far greater game of Wei-chi remains to us almost unknown. Wei-chi is a game in which the counters and board are uniform: but there are no moves. The counters, in tens and hundreds, are placed on their stations; there they rest. They may be taken, cancelled; moved they cannot be. For they represent no less than the fathers and sons, the families unending, of the contestants; and the "perfect eye," called also a "house" (the symbol of sex in either name), is the one figure whose establishment and fortification, to the exclusion of all adversaries, in impregnability of capture and constant connected expansion, determines eventually the

winner. Nor can even the Japanese fathom the deep schemes and figures which the Chinese have won from generations past, derive from generations present, and delve for among the generations to come. They play this game not with the brain only, but with the whole terrible intensity of the hive-builder, consistent in success or ruin, content in either. It is a spectacle of absolute calm, the face and attitude of the Wei-chi player. He is the father, the god of China. Watch him. He sits. He plays. His play is his soul. His play is his body. His body is still. Time has ceased. The game has finished. He sits quite still.

CHAPTER II

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE PEOPLE

Ah woe, time wastes the vast mountain,
Beams fall to dust, the strongest,
Like grass, ah woe is me, also
The sage must die, ah woe again.

CONFUCIUS wrote these lines as he was dying. Confucius is yet the heart of one-third of the Chinese people; one-third only now. But a third is great, and the rest have little or no consolation, in a life too little circumstanced by happiness, hope or care-free love. This is the people of despair, the people of the great forbidding. In the self-negation of the toiler they live their days; in negativity derived from life unlived their generations have passed in silence away. The death-list of China year by year is a testimonial to their unobtrusiveness; a million die yearly unnoticed in foreign countries. They do not notice each other's death. If they did, what a book would long ago have been written! They die in mill and furnace, in subterranean mine of slavery and packed tank of transportation, in ship and galley. They are so silent a people.

It has been said that they are descended from men long ago discovered in Central Asia, from an anthropoid bear whose developments are the Peiping remains. The type is there; the deduction is patently untrue, from the conformation of the skull. The more

likely descent, from all arguments of anthropometry and custom, is from the brown people of the South Seas; and from the South has come the *risorgimento* of China in our day, to be accepted immediately as soon as the people heard of it. From Canton to the Philippines origins are inextricably mingled. The aboriginal inhabitants—a race larger in stature than the Mongolian ancestors of the Japanese, long ago perished in China, in conditions of slavery unjust and horrible, under a system exactly the same as the two-caste system of ancient Chaldæa, whose code of law in this matter of the aboriginal serf very nearly resembles, and is almost certainly the origin of, the old code of China. So much stands proven conclusively by Mr. G. H. Keaton. The slave practices of China, to which the people cling today, in despite of all denunciations from without and from within, are not caused by economic needs (in a country where standards of living are so universally low), but are relics of an age of barbaric brutality, the brutality to the weaker of the South Sea islander. It is well known how a highly technicalised civilisation perished once in the Pacific; it is well known that the Cantonese display, in contrast to the mixed peoples of the northern flux of history, every recognisable affinity with the peoples of the Pacific; but more obvious is it that, despite their inland struggle, the Chinese have never really treated their country with understanding or true efficiency: and the yearning of all Chinese art, poetry, philosophy, is for water. They came long ago to the Yangtse Valley, sailing further and further up the river from the Formosan Islands—islands that

tomorrow must again be a bone of contention.* They are occupied mainly today, as ever, by a people mixed

* Formosa is the greatest of all Japanese possessions today. Though an island entirely independent of China when handed over to Japan as indemnity after the Sino-Japanese war, it was so handed over with the consent of all the Powers and by International agreement, an arrangement unique in the history of international law.

At the time of this internationally arranged rendition, Formosa was actually fighting an interminable, declared war against the Manchu debtors of Japan, against the concerted force of China, the nation lately belligerent with Japan. This happened in 1895.

I regard this statement of fact as the most important in this book, the most important outstanding wrong to be considered by international jurists and by the League of Nations. It is not a question of rendition to China; it is a demand made herewith for Formosan independence.

Formosa is the greatest of all Japanese colonies today, though not in extent. It is the most brutally governed. It is half the size of Scotland, inhabited by a people naturally industrious and artistic beyond any in the East. These are mainly the old South Sea Island stock.

The island is of unique beauty, clustering up to Mount Morrison, as it is called by all Formosans in memory of the greatest of all Englishmen known to them, but now renamed by the Japanese, alone but officially, Niitakayama, "the high mountain." It is 14,500 feet high.

Formosa is enormously rich in rock-oil and coal, all now slave-worked by the non-Japanese inhabitants for the Japanese Imperial Government monopolies. There are vast expanses also of alluvial clay, where every crop (millet, rice, bananas, flax, tea, cotton, coffee, tobacco, and all roots) grows in the richest profusion. The soil is second to none after Egypt. The Chinese form almost all the population, but have a character which, mixed with the indigenous original characteristics of the South Sea inhabitants, has proved the bravest, fiercest, most free, independent, hospitable, and lovable to friends of all the peoples of the East. They are now enslaved to a handful of armed Japanese. There are no

in origin—the link between the Chinese and their brothers of the South Seas. It is a link that never can

laws. The place is Japan's counterpart to the vast French submarine-nest in Indo-China: though her submarine hold on the Pacific does not in any way depend upon it. Forty is the approximate average number of European residents now.

In far-back times the island belonged to China, then was recognised as tributary, then became independent by bravery and statecraft. Part of it was seized by the Dutch in 1642. Previously to this, the Portuguese, in 1584, had peaceably established themselves at Kelung, as much for the beauty of the place and the attractiveness to them of the islanders, as for any profit. This is true to Portuguese character east of Suez always. They had called the island by the name it bears forever, Formosa, "The Lovely." In contrast to their gentleness, and their policy of cultured education in peace, the Dutch, under the confusion of the Manchu incursion into China, established there the revolting slavery associated today with all their South Sea colonies, unspeakable, worse than Putumayo and the Congo.

Against them the people, led by Chinese refugees from the murder of the Manchu, carried on a war of unbounded heroism for no less than twenty years, led by the terrible and famous Kuo-Hsing-Ga, native of Fukien, the sailors' province in China, son of a Chinese father and a Japanese mother. The Formosans triumphed finally in 1663, despite the iron and powder warfare of the Dutch, in the teeth of their grand fleet based in Batavia, the Dutch Indies. Thereafter they retained their independence of the Manchus by desperate bravery, in the teeth also of repeated French and Japanese attempts at seizure. The British always took their part, owing to their bravery, which is the legend of the East. There were, however, clashes with British men of war and some horrible incidents, due to the hatred of the natives for all "redheads" (a hatred sprung from Dutch use of gunpowder, here as in Canton and elsewhere, bad blood being first made by the brutalities of the Dutch).

In 1872 Japan began finally the war against which the greatest of all Anglo-Chinese Englishmen, among them especially Mr. Wade and Sir Pelham Warren, used all their little-supported

be broken, despite the foreign government of Japan. Formosa is destined to be the Alsace-Lorraine of the East, especially since the Japanese are now considerably mixed with a population that tends to absorb them culturally while remorselessly dominated by them.

What is this culture, this enduring link, the key to the Pacific problem? It is a philosophy of life. This philosophy cannot be labelled under any name. Two great teachings have emanated from it, Confucianism and Taoism; and one great book lies further back in history, the anonymous Book of Changes, *Yi-King*, edited by Confucius himself.

Looking at the world, the Chinese sees only a play of infinitesimal operations, each of no importance whatsoever. No Chinese for a moment countenance such ideas as those of Kant or Hegel. The commentary of a Chinese on Western idealism or Hindu mysticism would be incomprehensible even to himself. For he never can, nor ever wishes to, see beyond material existence. His economics, philosophy, reasonings, differ in the extreme from ours; he sees, and argues from, material existences, never abstract conceptions: qualities he recognises as concrete entities. A closely-worded argument by a Chinese

prestige. The French intervened repeatedly, desiring another Indo-China.

This war, inconclusive still, was concluded in 1895 by the convenient surrender of their island by the Manchus, as above stated. Following this, the Chinese native governor, the heroic Tang Ching-sung, proclaimed a republic, in open rebellion. Formosa and the Pescadores all suffered the same fate, as described above, after merciless conquest by the Japanese navy and army.

statesman to his own people is a mass of concrete exemplifications, of minute points, and of illustrations very frequently used where we should use a logical syllogism. It is not that a Chinese cannot grasp a generalisation, but that his generalisations are of the enumeration type which alone was recognised as valid by John Stuart Mill, the best understood of our philosophers east of Suez. His generalisations are those of an essential chemist. He proceeds to the concrete enumeration through particulars and minute illustrations. Never at a loss for an illustration, he torments his adversary by refusing to part with a single cent of his materially visualised idea. For an idea, unless it be capable of such visualisation, is to his mind emptiness. Nor is it immediately apparent to an Englishman how far our most cogent argument deals in the legalistic abstractions of Latin formalism, until he finds himself tantalised by the mentality of a people which has always detested and dreaded legal formalism. For it is well known how the Chinese have always regarded litigation as the last insult between man and man, how a lawsuit is an insult never forgiven by either party. The abhorrence of legal safeguards in business has been the root cause why the foreign "China merchant," whose usages and conduct have imposed them, is regarded today as fair game for any possible swindle, legalistic or illegal, by the grandsons of cohong merchants who, whatever their faults, dealt at three months' sight with Englishmen on note of hand or word alone (and made the Englishmen's fortunes).

Bergson has written somewhere that an idea is

a counter of argumentation, but about what, no man can say. Likewise, there is no doubt that all Chinese philosophy is pragmatism. It is part of a creed terrible but brave, simple but bearing infinite complications—the creed of De Quincey's Fugue of Sudden Death, of the soul standing in contemplation above its own corruption, of glory in material *débâcle* : for matter is the absolute, its essence (as its end) meaninglessness.

A meaning in man's earthly existence must be in a realisation of some power involving immortality. No such power may we perceive except as verbal metaphor. No place for a moral code is left us. There can be no moral imperative where no permanent results are attainable. There is no moral order in the grave of all humanity.

Confucianism is the code produced by the world's greatest atheist to induce a moral order among a peasantry of positivists living in despair of life and dread of extinction. It resembles very nearly the creed of Horace expressed, with the encouragement of the Emperor Augustus, to supply the same need in Italy. Confucius, whose whole life very closely resembles that of Horace, foresaw, against the trend and thought of his time, what Horace was deliberately encouraged to replace by a formalistic ancestor-and emperor-worship, the pagan realisation of the emptiness of heaven. So far the comparison holds good, and innumerable are the parallels between the two. But the material of Confucianism is not the material of Horace; his construction is vaster far. He created from the folk-ritual of the people a complete cere-

monial expressing the highest thought among them. He superimposed on their life the formal doctrine of ancestor-worship, crystallised it in a method of education, and backed it with the philosophy of the law of heaven, the eternal, as dwelling within men on earth. He gave them hereditary self-respect with which to face their doom. He gave them a view of life centred in the past, in respect for the dead. He persuaded the people to regard the future not at all. He persuaded them entirely by an appeal to their dramatic sense, since "the people may be made (by the dramatic appeal) to follow a course of action, but they may not be made to understand it."* Of the essence of this appeal are the travelling theatres, the complete make-believe, lulling the senses of a drugged and visionary people to the atmosphere of acted antiquity, for a six-hours' sense-deafened stupefaction enough to last another six months' story-telling. These dramas, now replaced by the drama of Bolshevik nihilism, have been the soul of the people, yielding almost everywhere today to unleashed passion and savagery. Worst of all, the Russians have destroyed, with no attempt at replacement, the reverence towards parents, which was the sum of Confucian virtue. Confucius fixed, for over two thousand years, the retrospective worship of the family. Every son must actually reproduce the virtues of his father, while disregarding his vices to "save his face" (the meaning of the first Confucian virtue, Propriety). So was China marching backwards to progress, with an ever-widening per-

* *Confucian Analects.*

spective of glories brightening as fiction mellowed, when Borodin right-abouted her, to face at last the hard facts of her betrayal by compatriots who had abandoned Confucianism for Hartley Withers, and foreigners whose doctrine of power, unlike China's, was expressed in realistic diplomacy and armed realism. The shock has driven the people mad.

But there is an element in the Confucian philosophy of society which can digest even Bolshevism before its resultant appendicitis brings death. "The master said, The rude tribes of the East and North have their princes, unlike the states of our land, which are without them."* This doctrine, which brought Confucius to a bed of hay and a crust, has saved China at her crisis. We find it openly stated by his successor, Mencius, that the people, as realised by each man in the family, is the first proper object of religious respect, the gods the second, the monarch the third. Gods and monarch, indeed, exist to gratify the people's ceremonial sense. Chinese gods are pet animals, a pantheon of play. A Chinese temple is the least religious building known to man; for there the people play at prayer, and the priest encourages them. To use their own phrase, "it gives a comfortable feeling"; and the super-acquisition of a proper Buddha, Virgin, and top-hatted waxen effigies of late benefactors Western-style, makes the sensation even homelier than the usual series of Belly-gods, Doctor-gods, and War-gods like dusty furnaces of steel. Homelier yet are the corpses stuffed for burial, sometimes today with Bolshevik

* *Confucian Analects.*

ammunition. So the people worship themselves, and gods and monarchs must worship them also. So must any dominating party. The Kuomintang, the People's Party, must inevitably replace all rivals, and it has.

Furthermore, in the worship of Sun Yat-sen as god, as the people's natural servant *par excellence*, the family today gives place to the nation.

But, although the political mentality expressed by Confucius is interesting today, he was in origin far more a domestic moralist. Because of the peasant origin of his thought, his works have been so added to, commented on, and even altered, that the modern school of Chinese theorists today doubt the source of what they possess in his name. Others elevate him into a great metaphysician, an elevation he despised. The last chapter of the *Analects* sums up his thought—a thought so near to the people, from whom he derived it, as to have commanded, often in face of deadly opposition, their immediate respect:

“The Master said, ‘No fault can I find in Yü. Using coarse food for himself but in filial piety to the spirits supreme, poor in the clothes he wore but in priestly cap and apron of his sacrifice most lordly to see, he lived in a poor and lowly home working his strength away on the ditches and water-runnels. No fault can I find in Yü.’”

These are the three Confucian virtues in a home. Confucius, who fossilised in China the impossible legends of a super-past, of giant kings with four eyes (who still form the first chapter of her history), of ancestors worshipped as immortal by descendants

who agree with him that their own bodies must perish in the grave, assured her permanence, her art, and her violent *émeute* of his own ideas in agony, but in essential survival, so late as now.

In his openly stated belief that all wisdom comes from the dead and their old life, he preserved, for the world, Cathay; for the sake of that duomillenarian civilisation of beauty in careful preservation of every primitive practice (as the Chinese in the resultant economic starvation have preserved pieces of rag from refuse-heaps to make clothes of), we have seen grown men forced to regard themselves as slaves of parent and grandparent and great-grandparent, women and children living as material limbs of the fathers and husbands. The creed is dying fast today, with its seven essential characters denoting: Fu (father), Tze (son), Hsieh (combining), Li (strength in filial duty), Chêng (complete self-sacrifice to parents of personal interests), Yü (the woman's sacrifice of self to the aged), Ren (sincerity in sonship). But the beauty of ceremonial will remain in greater splendour, as liberty produced the pageant of Athens from Professor Ridgeway's goatherd burgomasks.

Taoism, the second great philosophy of Chinese origination, is in my opinion (though I do not think many Chinese will agree with this view, owing to the disrepute into which it has been brought by debased practices in its name) a reflection of the Chinese mentality in many of its deepest characteristics. In the West it is making headway, largely owing to the findings of the new school of psychoanalytic practitioners and theorists: for it is the theory of psycho-

logical finalism. This doctrine is written in the *Tao Teh King*, the book of Tao (God absolute) and Têh (God in manifestation), by Lao Tse.

Tao is the name signifying the intuitional absolute, the consciousness of personality. But it is incomplete as an explanation of the world, because meditation is but half of life, creating nothing material. The mere idea is never seriously regarded by a Chinese as origination of the world where food and flesh are necessary for consciousness. Therefore it must be that there is a complementary principle, that the word become flesh. Abjuring any ideas of a personality, an "invisible king," as Wells has it, who, existing in a tenth dimension incomprehensible, can manifest himself in a fashion which we, a part of that manifestation, can alone understand, Lao-Tse seeks in human consciousness a creed to explain our dualism. He finds it in a certain relation between the elements of that dualism, and couples the two. But how? We are familiar with the Bergsonian psychological method of seeing a world of conflicting tendencies as linked in the brain of man, which is the sorting-house of perceptions (the link with materiality) on the one side, and of practical ideas (the link with spirituality—that is, free will) on the other. Man, on Bergson's analysis, is thus a creature of two infinitely distended worlds on either side of him: by liberation, therefore, the realisation of the world of time and space becomes wider, since the soul of man, partaking equally of both, grows both ways at once. Bergson sees society, therefore, as the powerful instrument of an expansion of con-

sciousness, since the brain grows in society (and, as above, the powers of body also), until one day, maybe, in the new humanity we die to develop, immortality may be the corporate achievement. It is a theory implied in all Bergson's work, mainly destructive as he has been, and explains the famous cavalry-charge passage, between which and the rest of the *Évolution Créatrice* there is the gap of logic of an artist, an intuitionist, a teacher, who eternally suggests but never wishes to complete the one great intended masterpiece of his life. If he did, he must face alone the stupendous fact that death waits him in loneliness; and this fact it is which the *Tao Teh King* meets on metaphysical grounds.

The Tao is conceived by Lao-Tsu as feminine in essence. For male and female are the original ideas of old Chinese philosophy, which, taking creation as the essential element in humanity, argues therefrom. It is a standpoint entirely different from that of the West, where humanity insists on a conception of pure reason unaffected in essence by sex, a rationale derived primarily from Athens. The struggle of Athens and Sparta was a struggle between two opposite notions. The Athenians disregarded women entirely as mental beings; the Spartans accepted them as supreme mentalities of a different order. Sparta fell at last, ideas and all, because the Romans, in search of rationalistic solutions, adopted Athenianism, losing thereby virility and repose. The results are in Juvenal and Tacitus, in Seneca and Petronius. It is this degraded Rome which we

cannot respect, despite the interest of its constructive imperialism, so much as the old Rome of Virgil, Livy, Horace, Catullus. It is strange that this new Rome, afterwards the highway of Christianity, is not the Rome of the Roman virtues which have lit mankind till now.

Lao-Tse, then, starts with sex as a metaphysical differentia. It is a cultural point of view. He also starts in an epoch of the normal human life. It is in the hour of married realisation. This again is typical of the Chinese point of view, for the relationship of man and woman has its ultimate moments. Why not start from there? In that hour a man may find his limitations of creativeness lost in an eternity. And so in his life also he realises, flowing from that hour, the oncoming tide of obliteration. In the female, therefore, he senses the void in which creativeness works. The female is called Yin, the male is Yang. Realisation in consciousness of the nature of the female, the Yin, is called Wu; realisation of the nature of the male, the Yang, is called Wei. Wu is the woman's intellectuality, her angle of the life-problem; Wei is the man's intellectuality, his angle of the life-problem. The two together make the human realisation of philosophy—that is, of the nature of the world as known to mankind. Working in harmony, they produce the first kind of human understanding (beyond which, say the Taoist sages, Confucianism never penetrates), and it is called therefore Wu-Wei.

Wu-Wei, then, is the furthest a man can reach if he be no philosopher. What do the man and woman, what do they both in unison, find there? They find

a certain relationship, a necessity of coherence which is the only alternative to a life altogether false and empty. Lao-Tse, among the pile of metaphors of which his every explanation must consist (since all words must, by definition—as we now know they do—mean one thing to a man, another to a woman), states the relationship as follows:

“Desiring to gain the Kingdom by force, you are, I see, unsuccessful. The Kingdom is a holy bowl, it is unassailable. Making it a man mars it, gripping it he loses it. Advance, and nature leaves other men behind; gain warmth, and others freeze; be made strong, then others become weak; move, and others must stay still. So the Master will neither over-indulge himself nor make too great an effort.”

This passage is the most direct description of the relationship, from the man's point of view. It is the doctrine of self-restraint, and is the same from both sides. In acceptance of limitation Wu and Wei become Wu-Wei.

The doctrine is then carried through all life, especially political, where the ideal ruler is the male to the female acceptance of his subjects. Here again we find a conception of the ruler entirely different from that of the West—a conception on which (for it is in all Chinese thought at all levels of culture) any attempted tyranny must in the end lead to confusion and break-down.

“The greater the limitations and restrictions the poorer become the people, the more you use force to maintain order the more disorderly the people are, the more subtle in guile the people become the

more degenerate are their lives, the greater the number of laws passed the more the people disobey.

“ If the government is invisible and sincere, the people are just and honest. If the government is imposed by will-power, the people are destitute and wicked. The Master is just but hurts nobody, he makes an orderly state without force; he orders all rightly, not compelling; he lights all men and blinds no man to do it.”

So the Taoist state is the same as the Confucian. It has to be so, for both are China.

So much for the first stage of cognition, corresponding to the philosophy of the individual in Confucianism. The second stage is the analysis, in the light of this society, of the facts of sex seen as the facts of a metaphysic.

Here the two elements of Wu and Wei produce the two ideas of Yin and Yang. Yin is seen as the great void, the non-active, the woman; Yang as that which is produced out of the void, the man. Why is man produced from woman? That is the problem of this part of the work. The answer is in the nature of thought. Thought needs rest, and from rest it comes. What is rest? It is nothingness. Here we meet an idea so full of difficulty that I almost hesitate to proceed, especially since its explanation is the grim centre of the grimdest philosophy in the world—grimest because it rests in annihilation seen as the absolute. Nobody who has not seen it can figure to himself the desperate depression that falls on the Taoist in his hours of idleness. It is a desperation born of belief in nothingness as prime cause of all things. “ Nothing signifies”—how often we hear it,

at the end of any argument, on the lips of a Chinese Taoist. It is a saying that, to my mind, completely justifies the Confucian doctrine that, psychologically speaking, man's immortality is in the past alone. But there is another side to this doctrine, too little stressed—namely, the doctrine of the Yang. China has been called a female nation, and nowhere else has woman been so permitted to domineer. She has done so by giving way, by making herself the idol. But she has profited in a peculiar degree also by the belief in her mystical wisdom, and in this holds a high place among the women of the world. Regarded physically as a chattel, she was the first of all women in history to receive full political status in Canton in 1912 under Sun Yat-sen. Never have women figured so prominently in a war as in the Kuomin Women's Battalions. It has never been admitted by them that the Yin is simply nothingness, producing Yang from nothing and to no purpose. For theirs is a doctrine of the Yang, that the Yang is simply a form imposed on thought, Yin being thought potential. Here we feel the need of Wei, of the woman-mind in metaphysics. Her view is unstated as yet, but it is implied by Lao-Tse, in his chapter on the highest principle, as being the source of metaphysics as of argument thereupon—the source of the material world as of metaphysics. This source is again a relationship, highest in the triad, namely Tao-Têh. Tao-Têh is the abstraction from reality of its divine origin, the depth of consciousness. For the depth of consciousness is the depth of reality. What do we find there? We find there men and women; and that

is all, and that suffices. We find there also, and are surprised to find there, the depth of eternal consciousness. It proceeds from the woman, from Tao. In the hour of creation the word becomes flesh. Therefore there is a word, an eternal. It is the end of practical philosophy—Tao.

It is difficult for a male writer to penetrate the mind of women. Enough that they find immortality in children, and are not afraid of death after that. Enough that thereafter they become mothers of the menfolk. It would seem that the secret of metaphysics is in them, and, as inexpressible, forever unexpressed. This is the solution of Lao-Tse, foundation of his anarchy, the obverse side from Confucianism. We wait for the woman metaphysician.

This whole theory, in all its confusion of pragmatism, its hopeless theorisation of a dream that life realises in emotion, is the poetic mind of the most poetic of peoples. It is the creed of all great art also. The mainspring of truth is found in an emotional uplift (uplift, a word of Chinese origin). This emotion cannot, by definition of its metaphysical object, be human; neither can it be superhuman; it is, it must be, the inner urge of a humanity that leads we know not whither, springs beyond history and cosmogony—Tao.

Subtle is this Tao, working, as it does, by mingling of opposite principles which never can unite, but never can be separated. The principles are Yin and Yang, stability and change. The balance of the two

Tao, the “mean,” the woman in motherhood. When a man speaks of the philosophical doctrine of

the "mean," he usually denotes the Confucian doctrine of self-restraint, identical with the "golden mean" of Aristotle and so many others. This "mean" of Confucius and others is little more than what we call "respectability," a medium for possible righteousness. But to Lao-Tse the "mean" is the eternal negativity, in which Yin and Yang find the balance, the mother. So, faced with this negative-creative balance in all matters of life, Lao-Tse sought for a principle of emotional experience such as to justify the existence of a human soul. He found in the soul a faculty of comprehension. This is Tao. Tao bears both these meanings.

Again, regarding events and periods of history, Lao-Tse sought a principle of creative peace in a world of chaos, of pleasure in face of starvation and destruction. This is typical of his race—a race that never has seen in peace, in freedom from agony, a negative concept, nor in war a positive. "No More War" can never be a watchword among a people whose whole theory of life is the creativeness of peace; nor will the war fever in China ever respond to such a call. Peace as a construction, this is their idea. Peace is to them the balance of life. War is no method of attainment, but the acceptance of a balance temporarily destroyed. The oriental soldier is a fatalist. This by way of illustration.

Again, facing death, Lao-Tse found his principle of immortality in an emotion, in the urge of creation that alone satisfies mankind. So he saw Tao, the principle that softens rocks and hardens water, the atom-stream, time, time abolished: the process

wherein all may realise unity, a world-consciousness in the individual. So he postulates again and again the supremacy of intuition. In face of a world at illogical war and unco-ordinated peace, he places man the overcomer, the speaker, the possessor of all because he understands, the creator, therefore the immortal. It is a vision which, in the form of Jung's " impersonal unconscious," is familiar to students of psychoanalysis when they seek for something constructive in a lunatic-healing methodology; so that, in the West as well as the East, we find men elevating into metapsychology the creed of life practically expressed in all acts of despairing courage.

It is easy to pass from Taoism to Buddhism, our third Chinese angle of metaphysics, since the two have much in common. Yet the source of Buddhism is far away from China, and, unlike anything ever conceived there, had its origin in the glorification of asceticism. Chinese Buddhism is not a formalisation of life's difficulties, but a flight from them. It is the creed of man's satisfaction in his doom. It is a creed of eternal negativity depressing to the already over-meditative Chinese student of it, destructive also to the commonality in its debased Hindu observances. Buddhism is an opium in China today. There I leave it, and pass to the underlying popular idea of Chinese philosophy.

This, together with the source of Confucian and Taoist dogmas, is in the *Yi King*, the oldest book of all, the book of Chinese religion. Chinese traditional religion exists for placation or defiance of the powers that may harm one most. It is old history how Con-

fucius protested against burning joss to god or devil. It is not so widely known how the religion of China (a growth not in accord with their racial ideas) dates back to Chaldæa, to a people who have disappeared from history—mankind's oldest half-civilisation, extending sporadically from the Tigris to the Yangtse-kiang. This civilisation broke under its own superstition. It is the only explanation of the astrological magic common to Old Babylon and Modern China. The parallel, nay the identification, of the two, from the first discoverable cosmogonies both of Chaldæa and of China, has formed the first chapter of so many orientalists' life-work in its published form, as to be indisputable. The Javanese of Aristophanes, with his tongue no Athenian could interpret, was Javanese; the researches, soon to be better known, of Professor J. Shelshaer, of Hongkong University, point, from reasonings and practical researches both anthropometric and sociological, to Java as the centre remaining today of the once great people who originated the Chinese race; but the astrological cult is there strangely absent. This Pacific civilisation met in China not only the soon-enslaved aborigines, but also the sporadic, erstwhile virile and nomadic, culture of the wandering Chaldees. This is the milieu of China's dawn in history, until some theory as yet unattested by any fact shall make its appearance. That by the same milky way of Chaldaean settlements the code of Hammurabi followed has been conclusively proven by Mr. G. H. Keaton.

Low-life religion in China stands now, therefore,

in a condition not unlike that with which we are familiar in the stories of Joseph's Dream or of Belshazzar. The method of interpretation in China is by dreams and by numbers, in the Chaldæan manner. All the rules of numbers employed are derived from the mysterious *Yi King*, the Book of Changes, a work mainly concerned with combinations of numbers to suit every situation past, present, or to come.

I must, before going further in my brief and incomplete study of this amazing work, explain my position as regards trust of its contents. The psychology of a people is a curious thing; it produces, by means and for reasons not understood by the people itself, the self-knowledge of a race. I will go further, in expressing a fact known, but never explained, by all men conversant with Eastern and African life, that methods looked upon as hocus-pocus by their own practitioners produce results (compare the well-known divinations of Zulu witch-doctors) accurate beyond the latest Western methods of psychology or even third-degree. The dreams of peoples are their future. The brain is an instrument of realisation, but it works in pictures before it becomes mathematical. Rhythm first, form after. The brain follows the whole bodily necessity in practical matters, but the potentiality of meeting future developments is there always. This has been repeatedly proven beyond argument by the power of the ape to learn in an hour the human developments of a generation, once his environment has roused the practical in his dreaming brain. So also the Chinese, receiving their magical belief of numbers from an outside gipsy people,

dreamed in numbers the potential future of their race. They dreamed a race-dream, they especially; for, as I shall have further cause to stress in the study of their political mentality, the Chinese have, as all men are aware, a hive-consciousness. Therefore I, at least, approach their traditional Book of Changes (upon the instinctive interpretations of which, together with a set system of astrology, a most practically-minded and pragmatic, and above all sceptical, people instinctively depends) in a spirit certainly not of contempt. Especially shall I feel fully justified in adopting a view so universally disliked except by hard-headed travellers and ex-colonials, because the most pragmatic of all men, the most sceptical and probably the most inspired, Confucius himself, edited this work.

He reduced to a great metaphysic a book that is used by the Chinese people as the book of divination by numbers. Much of the *Yi King* deals with the old doctrine of Yang and Yin, from which we have seen the whole of Taoism to be derived. His work was a commentary, mainly devoted to this philosophy. The system of divination by numbers he accepted whole. The system of numbers is accepted as the key to Chinese life, both national and individual.

I have referred in my first chapter to the Chinese absolute view of numbers as forming nothing more than means of homogeneous series in calculation, also to their complete disregard of any theory of mathematics, and to their unique skill in pragmatic calculations of an entirely abstract order. Numbers in calculation

are to them an instinctive art, not a science at all. They are "closer than breathing, nearer than hands and feet." Their sloth in mechanical invention is not a little due to this; for the mechanically-inventive mind is rarely associated with faculty for finance, as we know. But an unexpected doctrine and faith follow from the static view of figures—namely, the faith in figures as the super-art also of the Will that maintains the eternal hour of the world. Those interested in the dawn of mathematical philosophy in Europe find the same idea precisely in its founder, the Arabian Averroes. Thus, at every given moment, the abacus of the Law of Heaven snaps out its infinite calculations. It must be so. These calculations it has chosen, by its nature, to be expressed thus in space, as we see. The calculation is rooted in the points of the compass. Numbers, then, are permanent, while personalities alter and perish. In the permanent is truth for the impermanent; this we know, since that is the whole history of the reason with which we know anything at all. Therefore, unless the perfect mathematic, which must be the Law of Heaven, leave a hang-over at the edges, which is impossible (since from the transitory nothing can be created), then it is plain that behind every transitory personality is his permanent reason, his mathematical number, equations, directions, relation of time and space. Now, every man feels himself eternally pursued by a personality he can never be. This failure of realisation is a failure, as it must be, to accord with the reasonableness of the Law of Heaven. The accordance is in a man's

number. This is the beginning of Chinese divination.

In studying a people it is not reasonable to criticise them from an outside (and equally partial) view of life. Therefore I introduce next a consideration, drawn from the facts of human psychology, in my very partial study of this work, the mainspring of all the everyday life-theory of China. It is this: that what achieves permanence from abacus to eternity is also the most truly personal being. How many a tired mathematician has experienced such an idea! Men project their personalities into figures in a peculiar way. It is natural, since figures are the one perfectly rationalistic form of human consciousness.

The title *Yi King* means "The Changes Book." Changes are set combinations of numbers, and all variations are in the book. The foundation of the whole series is "1," the Yang, the creative in time, the sun. The moon is "0," the void which is not time, the principle of night, the Yin. These two form all combinations, by multiplication and addition on the one side, by permanence of infinity on the other. They cannot exist separately, because "0" is inherent in all positive mathematical suppositions. The two principles may be regarded historically as conservatism (Yin) and revolutionism (Yang), or even as imperialism (Yang) and the resistance which alone can make it creative, not merely a barren assertion of power (Yin): again, as war and peace, justice and equity, and so on. Between these two principles there must be, for purposes of existence, a degree of balance, which can now never be perfect, since Yin

gave birth to Yang. For Yang was born of error from the void of wisdom: since Yin is wisdom in this first analysis. Why? Because it is silent in the void before folly was created, silent in a void we can never imagine in words, but which we realise in meditation only. Emptying of the mind is rest eternal. So the Chinese father in his grave is God. He has passed over, he is where folly can never be. He is there above human ill, he is obliterated. Obliteration; it is a word whose idea impregnates this book of mine. Better to be dead, is the Chinese conclusion in their philosophy. It is better to be dead because there is wisdom. Consciousness is not necessary for wisdom at all. Consciousness is a phenomenon of a world of sense. By this we know it shall perish. By this we know that we also shall perish. But by this we know also our own reincarnation. Numbers stand, a witness to permanence in thought, a witness to continuity of Yang, whose essence they are. For Yang is God in his eternal incarnation to folly—to folly, not to heaven. And if a thousand years is nothing in his sight, far less is it in the eyes of the dead. They live for ever as memories. Their consciousness brings to birth other consciousnesses. For what is it to sleep and awake in another body, with your memory lost and your eyes in another world? This is a view held long in the East, abandoned for Buddhism long ago. It is rational, surely.

It is also observable how the Chinese will sit for hours meditating. It is a characteristic interpreted often as despair where no despair is; it is interpreted

as subjectiveness where it is precisely the opposite. It is akin to the indifference (eternal source of vain pseudo-anthropological theorisation) by which they regard in passivity the death of themselves or others, strange contrast to the Christian ideas of aid to the weak. This characteristic the new school of Chinese educationist is busily trying to remedy by the method of explaining the corporate being of humanity; and if humanity is a conception strange, heterogeneous, or even repulsive, in a world of so many varying races and colours, it is true that it is a conception which alone can save the world from the anarchy of inter-racial feud and red war in the near future. Give a Chinese such an abstract thought to see as material: draw it in his mind: it will germinate for good at last. This is why it is possible to see in the writings of Sun Yat-sen the fruitful pictures, not the barren facts; and if he is called a fantasy-monger, it is because he saw the idea, to make China see it also. The whole symbolism of his writings is the sum of his own dream. The greatest dreamer is the father, the child his dream. Sun's dream was no less than the International, in which the fugue may find its harmony. He never knew his own powers. This is the eternal danger of the Chinese. For they dream away their contact with men. They become too psychic. "Too much Yang makes a soldier, too much Yin a fool." It is the saying of the greatest Chinese thinker of today.

There is one element of Chinese philosophy not yet dealt with very intelligently by European writers, namely the Dragon. He is the symbol of the Chinese

god. The Chinese god is, as we have gathered, far different from anything yet conceived by men elsewhere; for he is not a god of righteousness so much as of power; he is a god often dangerous and always deceitful. Nothing is more difficult for a Chinese to understand in the Western make-up than the idea that above all philosophy there is a God transcending human affairs. He is not easily conceivable in the minds of pure rationalists, He is not easily noticed in His activity among men; He is therefore either a lie or a delusion, so they say. The Dragon, on the other hand, is a being not to be persuaded or prayed to or controlled. He is uncontrollable because he acts according to reason; his reason is more mighty than the ways of men. He is therefore not to be compared to any mental process; he is a mental existence malevolent and unkind also. For, looking at the world, the Chinese sees always but the play of chance forces, and all is done in disregard of the system of numbers. It is not easy to equate such a theory of God with the philosophical ideas just set forth, but I am dealing with that peculiar nexus of belief and fancy which goes to compose the philosophy of a race. This is to say that I am not offering here an explanation of China, and may such a thought never enter the head of a Western writer. But I am trying to explain the elements of Chinese thought, because in doing this I hope to clear, to however small an extent, the atmosphere of doubt existing in regard to a people the world may have to reckon with tomorrow. And that is why I dare to lay beside the other philosophical conceptions of the Chinese a

conception humanly at variance with what I have set forward in this chapter.

The Dragon, then, is the survival of a life of horror far back in the history of the race. He is god of typhoon and pestilence, famine and tidal wave. He is god also of fish and fowl, of which he is a mixture. And if I have been so bold as to suggest an origin for the Chinese in the Southern Seas (a supposition whose boldness is mitigated only a little by its generally growing acceptance) it is because I am not able to see anywhere else the attributes of the old god of China. There is, therefore, little room to see in a dragon any forces except of flood, fire, wind, and water, as these are seen by a people at the mercy of the fiercest geographical elements. Looking at the Dragon, we see also his guile; he changes shape with fearful rapidity, he is all a world of helpless fear of himself. He is more than this. He is a being not immune from famine and pestilence, such is the primitive belief. In the famous Dragon-boat festival the people offer him every slavish service, rowing like slaves to utter exhaustion. Nor can we be blind to his peculiar way of appearing.always, at crises of fortune or disaster, merciless, unarguing, fatalistically indicative. The Chinese believe of him that he flies in heaven for great men (that is, for success in government), wades for flood, sinks for death. But he is not killed ever; for he is, after all, the psychology of the Chinese people projected, like any other national animal-totem. He is, therefore, the godhead in the people, that is, their humanity; yesterday for an emperor, today for the people in play at last.

I will conclude this chapter with a summary of a philosophy taking root now among many of the younger Chinese. It is a departure of a drastic order, yet in it are all the old elements.

China, so they say, stands at the parting of the roads, no longer the people of restful contemplation, set formalism, set psychology. She faces a world not of her making, a world never more alien to philosophical speculation than it is today. But the root of their theories is pragmatism; nor have they ever deserted the Thrasymachean dogma that power is the source of ethics, power of control the basis of metaphysic. Beneath this lies an inevitable counter-assumption, that the mind, of itself, makes its own world. It is an assumption clear in all their actions. It is their ability to follow ideals, their unwillingness to accept matters of seemingly inevitable event. We have seen it in the style of their one most persuasive political orator, Sun Yat-sen. History has been witness of the dream come true, the will of imaginative power justified, in twelve years of revolution impossible and impossibly victorious. The world witnesses today a boast derided, a power negligible materially, become a *risorgimento*. It is the impossibility of this resurrection of a people doomed by common presupposition of experts all the world over, this break-free even from the stranglehold of the Russian, this breaking of the strongest by the most impotent, this unification in division of the most oppressed of all peoples, this death of an epoch immortal, which has led the advanced philosophers of a certain school to realise the

power in the human mind that has been sought for by the people.

The Japanese have built upon O Ya-Mei, as they call the pragmatic philosopher Wang Yang Min, the theory of their modern imperialism, almost in these terms. Beginning to grow up in the Chinese also there is an Imperialism profound, a power-doctrine merciless as has been the deliverance from nations who were too little merciful. "What Japan has done China may do also, for China is many Japans": Sun Yat-sen spoke, Chinese fashion, of intension and of extension together, as also of multiplicity. So we find the new literature of China based upon Nietzsche and Kipling's imperial doctrine, upon the Prussian war poets.

But if they accept the power-idea thus, they also have long ago accepted a conception of power far different from that of Nordic, or former Japanese, statesmen. They have seen enough to know, in all their miserable years, that power itself digs its own deep grave, that the only hope lies in the reconciliation of power and idea. Materialism is a debasing of power.

But power must find an outlet, or all is lost; and it is naturally of mind, not of body: it is the psychic force of the ascetic raised by positivism to levels yet unimagined.

So prayers have power, and a people looks forward in faith to a new humanity because of a dream, an unrepressed desire. The soul that has seen beyond a repressed economic life, and its repressive education and repressed mentality, and has endured them in the

body for an eternity, and has fed on them and grown beyond them to a dream, will yet reconstruct materialism. It is the end of philosophy, as of history the mother of philosophy. It is man. It is the worship in a man of the mind that is in human beings. It is the International. And if in this dreaming it has been said that Lenin was "the Guiding Star of a New Humanity," and if this name for him was over-interpreted by all foreign nations, including the Soviet, this did not signify the adherence of China to a theory that would crucify her under the foreign explosive for the sake of an outburst of proletarianism: it meant only that he also had seen something of a dream realisable in material impossibility.

To create a new heaven and a new earth may be a philosophically heretical concept of the will-in-idea; but all of China's being responds today, the stronger for the heroic horror of the Taiping Revolution that failed against the foreign Manchus and survives today in victory, the stronger for the Communist tragedy of ideals falsely pursued.

"Where there is a dream, there is a man; where there is a man dreaming, God incarnates him in a woman." That is the sum of China's faith, of her suffering: the deliverance by dream from reality, the apocalypse of inspiration.

Never doubt that in this vision there rests a new epoch, an epoch of bounds overpassed, Golgotha vanquished, an open tomb, a *risorgimento*.

CHAPTER III

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE PEOPLE

LONG ago the Chinese decided the Darwinian origin of mankind, and accepted death without religious alleviations. Pausing on his mattock the peasant looks to the hills where even granite fades to dust, to the tombs of his ancestors and to his own. He prays a blessing, a pause that is, from the power that destroys, the power he feels at work in his own weakening labour. His muscles feel a twinge of immortality in their progressive corruption of years. He works. Such is a peasant's godhead, such his return home-wards on the mudpath immortalised by many days. He looks again on the faces of the family. He holds in his heart the desire of godhead. But the power that destroys has power to create, to love. By creating, by loving, may not a poor man realise the permanence of the only thing permanent in the world; may not the love that comforts be a higher law? Is it not then the law of the resting sky of the night, the peace-bringing and refreshing stars that are sweetest of all in China? It is the Law of Heaven he finds, then; it is the secret created by the sun. He himself, then, can give beauty and rest to the world of his own creation, to his wife and family. It may not be for an unimaginable eternity. The sun also fades one day. It is only a mountain on fire, after all. But for an imaginable eternity he feels himself god

for his wife, whom he has created as a woman, and for the children created by their conjunction. As a Chinese father, he has power of life and death over his children; wiser men than he have recognised his godhead. He is immortal in them. This is the Confucian ethic, which is breaking up in an age of rationalist progress by the young. Too long have they insisted on this worship, with all its manifest untruth. The consequent deliberate furbishing of a lie with eternal ceremonial and false ritual, noisy in proportion to its manifest insincerity, has led to the first basic element of their psychology. And if, in describing China's psychological foundations, I begin with vice and error, it is true to Chinese thought, at any rate, to set evil first in the development from the brute of essential humanity.

The Chinese are a people prone to lying, to false ideals. The religious and ethical groundwork of their humanity was reduced by Confucius, and has since been further reduced by slavish educators, into a system of education freezing and insincere. It is a system not governed by reason, but consisting in an effort forced upon the pupil to appear as clever as the teacher. It is a system of parrot-memorisation, a system by which children may never think their own thought, a system of denied childhood inculcated with the cane. The memorisation is of chorused passages of old saws from Confucius and his multifarious commentators and deifiers. The writing of Chinese characters, upon which they now spend six years of toil, has, it is true, been simplified by the

Japanese, but with a loss of culture so severe that one hopes never to see China incurring it. Nevertheless, as schooling has been organised up to now, the method pursued is too laborious. The hand of the Chinese is an amazing thing, the subtlest and most precise instrument in the world. It is the long training in writing that forms this hand, and China's old-fashioned scholars are right in opposing easy simplification of script. Further, the perfectly designed characters are the foundation of the unique sense of design in Chinese art, and of the subtlety of mind which the Chinese people still rightly refuses, to the enriching of human culture, to sacrifice. But, from the point of view of child psychology, the unintelligent, mechanical teaching of the endless series is today, in an epoch of sham-Western point-by-point efficiency and "methodisation," adding to the burden of the child an insincere accomplishment. All is done in an atmosphere of sham-Confucianism. Insincerity is the first vice of Chinese psychology.

The second vice is self-torture and torture of others. Proneness to this temptation is written in the faces of their crowds. It has given rise to the horror with which they are largely regarded by other peoples. Among them, as among the mobs of Tyburn, it is a vice of nature; but it is also sprung of what one may term an age-long starvation complex. Denying themselves all, they find in any minor added inconvenience a cause for temper of such delirious intensity (nor has the restraint of Confucian behaviourism done anything but bottle up the outburst) that their hearts not infrequently break of sheer anger.

They fear this temper; and, when they manage not to fall into a fit of passion, they reserve, for the person or animal that has almost led them into it, the hatred and slow cruelty and calculated revenge due to a parricide, a devil. They possess, again, a fearful intellectual inquisitiveness, as to both the physical and the mental power of a human being. This inquisitiveness is never satisfied, though it may be repressed. Their mental torture is exquisite. But it is fair to say that they do not give rein to this desire for testing humanity unless they themselves have been first tortured by offence given. They so easily take offence, largely because their training in a simple analysis of character, in the early study of their entirely behaviourist philosophers, has too completely opened their eyes to all conceivable grown-up faults--because they have been forced as little children to damn as vile immoralities the errors inseparable from immaturity. Too much insistence on moral standards is the psychological infanticide of China. It is plain, among peasants so taught and never given the higher training to redeem these traits, how a type of mind may too easily be produced which has anger of a fearful intensity reserved for all breaches of social discipline or fashion. Hence the cruelty of the peasant-mind of China. Years of repressive Greek Christianity and priest-education have produced the same phenomenon in Russia.

This cruelty is vastly accentuated by inquisitiveness concerning, and fear of, death. Inquisitiveness and fear are of course the most nearly allied of all instincts, from the animal upwards. Hence the laughter

of the Chinese as witnesses or agents of torture. Hence the inscrutable meticulousness of the cultured officer thereof. To the mind of the contemplative, indeed, torture is not merely a tribute to the investigated intricacy of human susceptibilities, it is also an argument from design; its adjuncts are fiendish souvenir-hunting, hollow joy, madness of gentlemanly repentance in leisure hours (as in the West).

The fear of death, already adverted to, is their third vice. Their boasting welcome of annihilation cannot cover the terror from which it springs, nor veil their clinging panic in funerals, sickness, defeat, danger. A threat of ruin reduces their lower orders often to the same condition. I have heard them say more than once, "I die of fear, because some man may kill me." This characteristic, combined with their concealment in behaviour, completes an attitude of dangerous submissiveness often too tempting to the violence of the Nordic temperament.

The Chinese are the most convinced materialists of all time. Not once has a spiritual religion found root-understanding among them. The Christian religion is not to them a faith, but a super-moral code of conduct; it can bring no deliverance to a people who can conceive of no world other than that of sensation. They are the Athenians of Paul. Their metaphysical philosophy is to them a flight from reality, a humorous diversion. Their reality is the acceptance of death in birth itself.

The fourth vice is an amazing indifference, on a surprising number of occasions, to the feelings of others. This is the obverse side of their extreme

concentration on their personal respectability. "Face-saving," as it is called, is the motive of too much of their lives. Face-saving is a conscious process in them, where among us it prances or staggers under every conceivable and inconceivable self-disguise. The Chinese form of it is both conscious and anti-moral. What a man must do is to appear the superior of others. He does this largely by assuming a mask.

Masks are the toy of savages indulging a desire for the unchangeable, the big, the immortal. Primitive masks are of deities, gods, heroes, monarchs, and even of Sir Austen Chamberlain: never of the mean. Thibet is the supreme home of face-saving. How many of us know the Thibetan face, how few are not familiar with their masks? In all their dissolution, they have saved their faces.

So in China it is "big face" that matters most. Judgment of personal virtue is one thing, attribution of "big face" quite another. Between the two is all a people's idea of life; and of the two, "big face" is far the more respected. A tyrant earns respect far more than in the West. It is a power-doctrine. Moral qualities are regarded as inborn, whether for good or evil: but they are inborn in a personality which a man must reach by the seizure of power. The great Chinese virtue of sincerity is not a matter of being a George Washington. It is truth to the self. It is an idea noble in its Confucian development; since Confucianism expands it, by seeing man as a social being, into the rule "do to others as you wish them to do to you" (for you are they). But China, falling short humanwise of a super-morality, has in

practice believed itself righteous in a cut-throat individualistic competition.

The vice becomes one of easily-offended dignity, followed by mad endeavour to reconstitute oneself in the eyes of all—just and unjust. It is at the root of the cold mercilessness, in contempt of the victim whose face is lost, which, exaggerated by Sax Rohmer and his school of fiction into a pervasive atmosphere, has nevertheless a satanic hold upon the people. It is the cardinal weakness upon which China's bitterest enemies have played again and again; it is an undue susceptibility to any criticism, any accusation, any acted scorn or assumed indignation. It is the curse of China's diplomatic and international history. It is the secret of the traitorous actions of foreign-surrounded Chinese. It is why gifts, afterwards interpreted as bribes by the giver, have screwed millions of Chinese to beggary, have bereft the people of many a friend.

The main virtues of this mentality are developments by human hope of the elements of degradation. If the Chinese are largely false in method, they have striven for, and achieved, supreme honesty in result. They are not the only peasant population, but were certainly the first to found upon the life of agriculture a reasonable, mutually trustworthy system of marketing, corporate production and barter (a matter in which they stand above every European peasantry today). They were the first people to use confidently in peasant transactions a currency and a paper currency. They have never been remotely accused

of failure in fulfilling peasant-production contracts; on the other hand, their very scrupulous honesty is their undoing. Not once but tens of times, the world has witnessed (or refused to witness) the sight of even millions dead on their own bumper crops, dead of starvation. Even in these years of civil suffering they have never broken a bargain made. The morality among certain classes of servants, in outports and foreign concessions, is both untypical and disastrously well known.

In regard to their second beast-characteristic, the love of torture, several things are to be said.

In the recent civil war the Kuomintang troops have striven heroically against brutalities. They have protected women and children, and have displayed a horror of useless waste of life. They have fought extremely clean.

Secondly, in world-assemblies the Chinese representatives have the most persistently proposed and supported measures of mercy in warfare.

Thirdly, of all peoples the Chinese have most passionately maintained the claims of liberty for oppressed peoples; and if there is yet a terrible strain of positive cruelty in their violent temper, they are as a people never cold or unimaginative in contempt of men who prefer liberation and self-fulfilment to formal order and unsympathetic legalism.

Fourthly, China is busy today abolishing the old-fashioned rights of corporal punishment; and her new penal code, to operate fully the moment the Nanking Government is free to enforce it, is merciful beyond all others.

Fifth, it is worth considering that the well-known outrages, of horrible descriptions, inflicted upon the teachers of various forms of Christianity, were repeatedly motived by ignorant, and agitated, mental association of the foreign missionary with missionary traders (bad characters of the most repulsive order), and with foreigners in general.

With these mitigations, I will state their basic corresponding virtue. They are past-masters in the art of bearing pain of the maximum intensity for days, even weeks, at a time, without once giving way: for the pride of their people is largely due to the long upbringing in agonies threatened or inflicted. In an age of supreme suffering they are not second to any in fortitude.

Their dread of death as an obliteration of consciousness (most intimate in a nation of æsthetes) has given rise to an heroic realism. They have turned acceptance of death into a social code by an instinctive expansion of social unity. They have produced a hive mentality. It is strange that in a Chinese crowd, with all its inherent individualism, there is a complete unity, a unity super-personal: that, despite the sense of ever-impending danger of corporate hostility, despite the cruel indifference usually displayed to the sudden resulting tragedy, the foreigner, even in fear of bitter danger and helplessness, may, if he will, find a peace not to be found in any solitude. Such has been the experience of many of us. In this tremendous corporate consciousness, which every Chinese feels no less when alone or abroad, is the germ of illimitable cultural and political possibilities.

The same cause produces a very powerful reaction to death itself: whence the beating bells and incantations of priests (regarded as humorous rogues who may hold a damnation up their sleeve), employment of whom is mainly a matter of "making face" for the dead testator, of demonstrating also the family affection in public, and of satisfying sorrow in one complete loosing-off of agony. This is all deliberate. If it does not suffice, they indulge in a wild outburst of iniquity or poetry, going temporarily insane so as not to undergo repression of emotion, in which course they are ably assisted by all their acquaintances. To pander thus to emotions in deliberate salvation of final sanity, is Confucian ceremonial; to repress them deliberately where possible, is Confucian politeness. The characteristics resulting are humour of a very penetrating order and the utmost tolerance for temporary human weaknesses in others, combining in a very humane understanding of the world.

The self-aggrandisement idea, "face saving," with all its corrupting characteristics, is another force in themselves which they have endeavoured to overcome. Confucian ethics, though they may not have succeeded in raising the people to the ideal social manhood (except in the case of a few who, like Confucius, have made the biggest face of all by starving, in legend or otherwise, for their humanism) have produced certainly the cardinal quality of China. "This is the law of heaven, to be true; this is the law of man, to be true to the law of heaven; the law of heaven is nowise to be commented on, but obeyed; from a father it comes and a mother; from a son it

goes to his son." From this it follows that it is destruction of the very personality not to speak the truth always in matters where "face" is concerned. The lie in the soul is to assume credit for another man's work, or to refuse to help him in a good action. In one moral characteristic they are the superiors of all peoples, including the Japanese; it is the quality that drew me personally to them. They never refuse credit where credit is due, never profit by the unacknowledged superiority or genius of another. They have elevated their psychology, this people of innumerable sufferings, by their final conception of the just man.

It is unnecessary to state here at length that all this mentality is today pervaded by a desperate anti-foreignism, offspring and cause of the political tragedy to be explained later. I shall instead close with reference to their immemorial pervasive atmosphere, their super-aestheticism. Theirs is an unbounded ambition of creative artistry.

Far be it from a Western writer to profess understanding of an art before which we can but wonder. But it is plain to any who care for introspection in such matters that Chinese pattern-making is the expression of a people dedicated to visual beauty at whatever cost. All the precious desires of men for a life beyond life are there; and if the roots of time and space be lacking, as they are, the pure idea shines in a dreamland where both must lie forgotten. Perspective is abolished. The tree blooms in a vacuum. Life above life it has, flowers distilled from flowers. The man is there, he passes by forever. He is the artist of

planetary space. He is a brother of ours. We know him between sleep and waking, when souls are nearly infinite. He is our love of an humanity never knowable, but recognisable in desire. For love is a matter not of time but of recognition, not of race but of eternity; if we of the West and North are bent on knowledge, China is achieved in vision; if England is Ygdrasil, the Nordic tree of science, China is the branches of the stars.

CHAPTER IV

THE CHINESE POLITICAL MIND

THE Chinese family worship involves, and is expression of, a group-consciousness of the very nature sought in vain by Bolshevism and theorised, as eternally lost to humanity, by Bergson. Yet nowhere in the world is individualism so rampant among persons, classes, clubs, clans, and business organisations, as in China. Partly this is to be explained by the simple over-confidence of a people so permanent as to consider their internal rivalries and sectional interests far more important than a united or divided front against the foreigner. This explains the weakness of China in face of Western aggression, encroachment, contempt. But—strange paradox—the world found suddenly that Sun Yat-sen, the preacher of Chinese unity, had been no plausible and shallow and easily-misled theorist of the impossible, as some would have him, but the mouthpiece and representative of all China awake in a herd-unity unshared and unrivalled by the West.

Nobody who has not felt it can convey in words that group-mind which is China. China is a personal entity. One single race, the Han, a pure race today, is 70 per cent. of all the people, actually and actively stronger and more personal than any single Chinese. This it is that makes men afraid of China, as there is no need to be, and anxious in their hearts to destroy her, as is impossible.

The Group Mind has been theorised by Western psychologists to explain many characteristics of childhood. It is so far true, that to many children primitive rites have an appeal explicable by atavistic theories or by the theory once held of the psycho-analysts that children re-enact naturally the history of the race up to date.

In China all the characteristics of all stages of her race-history are exemplified and lived, some in act, some in forgetfulness, all by a portion of the people; some are indeed lost in consciousness, but alive in their manner and customs. It is this sense of unity with origins—ours also, for the science of anthropology is universal psychology, emotion being of the same stuff in all men—it is this sense of unity with origins that attracts a foreigner in China: just as it is the entirely different mentality, by which the Chinese have carried forward their divergent evolution, which repels the instinctive approach of the foreigner all the time. For the same reasons, Bolshevism exercises over the Western mind an alternate fascination (for its nearness to certain lost origins of ours) and a repulsion (for its elimination of any view of life but that culled from the anarchist Lao-Tse). Confucius once echoed this ancient Chinese ideal of an alternative method of social evolution. His echo was Sun Yat-sen's favourite passage in all literature:

The world for all. The wise governing and the strong working in mutual trust and service.

The old and the young, the weak and the sick, all finding comfort; the widows and orphans finding a livelihood.

Thus the old in peace, the young in service.

Wasted goods garnered, but not for the gatherer; energies
eagerly spent, but in the service of man.

Thus no strife or wrong-doing, no more theft nor robbery.
The world for all.

Bolshevism is indeed a derivative from a theory no more intended as political science than is the Republic of Plato, which so nearly resembles the Chinese theory of an imaginary Golden Age. They are the same in all respects, indeed. But the Russian version was Chinese-derived in the main, as Lenin knew. This is also clear from its history, especially from the literary testimony of all great Russian writers from Gogol to Gorki: and it is summed up finally in the terrible *Kreutzer Sonata* of Tolstoi, and in his magnificent tales of *The Two Old Men*, *Where Love is There is God also* (the gospel of pacifism), and *How Much Land Does a Man Require?* perhaps the greatest study ever written or attempted of East and West in collision. I recommend that story to my readers. It has a moral. Strangely, it is the moral of Kipling's immortal *East and West*. It is clear to all persons conversant with Russia and the East that Karl Marx, after his unoriginal Pauline proposition of "from each according to his powers, to each according to his needs," and Lenin both found in China the *summum bonum* of Communism. . . . And on China is Bolshevism broken today.

For, except in moments of excitement, or in gratitude (now mainly past) for a help afforded by Russia by which she hoped to assume control, China

is not Bolshevik, nor ever will be. Communism is regarded as an ideal, if men ever prove fit for it: and Russia is criticised always for her mistaking of an idealistic educational morality for a practical proposition.

Yet China has a complete cohesion of social but non-political unity: it is the group-mind, but not a group-unit. Bolshevism, on the other hand, is an artificial creation superimposed on anarchy—the group-unit without the group-mind. China is a swarm not organised as hive, Russia a hive that has never been a swarm. Bolshevism, therefore, has no natural fount of conviction, no cohesion unimposed by a forceful minority. Scratch a Russian, you find the supreme individualist: even the communist wears his creed on his coat, a personal decoration. Hypocrisy is his métier, cant his argument, defiance his courage, despicable contempt of reason his rationale. How he loves that word! It is foreign even in Russia. Such is individualism, but the Chinese carries no label, his communism is inside him unspoken. It is not communism of economic or social dogma; it is communism of race, race unbroken, uncompromised by five thousand years of settled living, race the purest in the world; and if in five thousand years China has become one vast family, little is to wonder: and if the vast family be torn by quarrels the most bitter, and bound by fundamental unity the most absolute, surely it is what one would expect.

But beneath the Race is the Clan; for China was originally the people of clans. . . . Imagine four

hundred millions of people (the population of China has been static for generations) each man of whom is member of a clan far more exclusive, far severer in discipline, than any MacGregor or MacDonald of Scottish history. Imagine these clans (once gathered in round clan strongholds, where a communist life was lived, and working in common the surrounding acres in mutual dependence, production, and family-life) now dispersed in pell-mell intermixture from Peking to Canton (twice the distance from Berlin to Paris), from Canton to Panama, South Africa, London. No single country on earth but has a Chinese population somewhere stowed away, no such population but contains representatives of such clans; and their clan-allegiance, as their other allegiances of family and race, is the stronger for exile, a hive within a China whose boundaries are world-wide.

The Western idea of formal constitutional centralisation has been strange to the Chinese, even when trained and graduated in alien studies. The government of China is not a formal constitution yet; it is the government, of an instinctive will to endure, of the hive. This is difficult to set beside the recent almost hysterical seeking for a constitution, difficult also to set beside the studied doctrines of Sun Yat-sen, difficult even more to express in the new-found nationalism of China.

Sun Yat-sen was faced with a question: "How can a hive-consciousness impose on itself a formal external control?"

Sun Yat-sen was faced with a people become

ungovernable because of a history which I must here briefly relate:

China has been a country of many dynasties since the day when Prince Chêng built the Great Wall, having united China (called after his clan, the Chin) in 221 B.C. He had to govern a people who twenty-five centuries before had possessed six styles of writing-paper made from pulp, an efficient calendar, expert knowledge of iron and silk production, a globe of heaven and earth, standard weights and measures, a mint, an efficient system of taxation, an astronomical observatory: and had since added paper currency, the mariner's compass, gunpowder, and the world's greatest philosophers of that or any other epoch. A written code of laws had been revised, since 4000 B.C., no less than four times already. The weakness of the people was its political disruption, involving both eunuchs at Court and the long-sustained dispute between Confucians, Pragmatists (Mencius and his school), and Taoism (the philosophy of Buddhism indigenous in China since 5500 B.C.).

Prince Chêng, or rather Chih Huang Ti, as he now became, was the greatest ruler in Chinese history. He produced the first great Chinese *risorgimento*, which endured, despite many dynastic struggles, throughout China's middle ages. To the Han Dynasty, which followed him, he left an Empire which is China's culture-domain today. It included all China of today, as well as Thibet, Nepal, part of Burma, and Korea. Chinese suzerainty came to be acknowledged in all Burma, Assam, Manchuria, and Japan. With few or no variations, this was a solid

sphere of Chinese rule for 1,300 years. But in 1187 came the Mongol Dynasty of Genghis Khan, which did for China what Alexander of Macedon did for Hellenism. His Empire extended finally, and for a century and more, over the East from Mongolia to the *Ægean*, excluding only India. This was the Mongol Empire. It was not always supreme over the remnants and successors of the Sung Dynasty, but it spread China over the East, and is the culture-legend of the East today. It was as well organised as the Empire of Darius. It is now the greatest legend in history, and legends rule yet from Smyrna to Siberia. It was this vast culture that Marco Polo has discovered to us, understating its cultural grandeur, and leaving unmentioned its universal, standardised paper coinage of which many examples remain today.

China was won again for the Chinese proper by the greatest of all Chinese dynasties, the Ming, who reassumed the medieval Chinese Empire, till its depletion by the recession of Japan in 1500, followed by China's first, and successful, defence of Korea. But that was the beginning of the end. The Ming Dynasty fell; China went to pieces. Her modern history begins. Sixteen hundred is roughly the date of the beginning of that Manchurian supremacy, which lasted till 1912.

This period is the strangest in any history, I believe. For in it China grew up, and grew up in defiance of all Western culture, of her own tradition, even of her nationality. That she did so is plain from the improvement in her educational system, her adjust-

ment of herself to a Western viewpoint. But at the same time she lost control of her unity. The Manchurian rulers who, clad in armour, now took command by force of might, were untempered except in war. A race in many ways admirable, they never understood the duplicity of those they governed—a duplicity they actually produced themselves. To judge by their records, they were innocent of all except their entourage in Peking, ignorant even of any powers existing outside that city in all the world. Hidebound as only a nation of soldiers feudally organised among subordinates can be, they were a sort of picturesque Sparta in China. But the Chinese were used to govern, and their intelligentsia, their old official class (permanent then as now, as all through six thousand years) were in no way inclined either to surrender their position by a show of patriotism or to render themselves liable to summary execution. They humoured their emperors, led the people to worship them as gods on earth, and finally became a de-patriotised bureaucracy, insolent as foreign despots and deceitful as hate-consumed subjects can be. An empire in decentralisation—to this proud sham and fraud, to this starving and tyrannised and idolatrous population of over four hundred millions (then, as now), came the Dutch followed by the English; came cannon-shot in Canton, Swatow, and Amoy; came ambassadors of corruptive drug-interests, and all the rabble whom Clive endeavoured to clear from India. Wrapped in pride, brutally murdered, the population of China were subjected all along their coastline to a system

of foreign-Chinese merchant-principedom backed by the gun, the soldier—and, in our own day, the submarine and aeroplane. The details of this period of horror, horror unsurpassed in history, has its climax in China's Industrial Revolution, where, bribed and bamboozled and bullied by just and unjust foreign *entrepreneurs*, the people saw their grain exported while they starved, their territories annexed as punishment for insult and murder of foreign missionaries, and finally all their best men slaughtered in the Taiping Revolution in the last quarter of the nineteenth century—a revolution the last act of which is played today. For the Taiping (the "Great Peace") were the people rising against an incompetent Government which was insulting to foreigners irresistible in their will for annexation and plunder, and to the murdered people. General Gordon and Li Hung Chang slaughtered five millions of these, the last of old China, men and women and children unarmed, starved, flayed and burned alive. The Taiping have returned today; and they have saved China. They are the Kuomintang.

Such is China's story. The heroism and suffering of her Revolutionary organisation and effort, the Boxer war, the tardy reforms of the Manchus, the attempt of Yuan Shih-kai to restore the old Empire, and the last attempt of the "Boy Emperor's" foreign supporters—all these have inflamed the people to the vast effort, the *risorgimento* of today. It is the hive-birth, the swarm. Where is the Queen bee? I am in no doubt whatever that Madame Yat-sen is tomorrow absolute ruler of China.

The writings of Sun Yat-sen, to which we must now attend a little more closely, are the outcome of this analysis of Chinese history and race, and are a deliberate adjustment of these to modern needs and a modern, centralised economic-politic. They are also founded on a purview of world-development, and of China's future part in it. Sun was the father of a resurrection in life, not a revolution, save in the sense that revolution was needed against the false China, produced by Manchu and foreigner, to remake the China of the Mings—Sun's ideal—remade with modern technique and glorified thereby.

The San Min Chiu, or so-called "Three Peoples Doctrine," is the outcome of a life's study of the race, customs, geography and anthropological characteristics of China. It was designed in three parts—"The People," "The People's Government," "The People's Livelihood." Curiously enough, the third part, that most needed today, is destroyed without a trace. Legend has it that it was burned in the Canton fires of 1923, following the flight of the Kuomintang, headed by Sun himself, in fear of death at the hands of the foreign-supported Chen Chiung-Ming. But the book as it survives was delivered as lectures in the University at Canton: and from these lectures no conclusion can be given to the work.

The book begins with a searching analysis of China. It proves how the Chinese people is a race intact, and possesses a power tremendous but held in check by the forces of primitive clan-loyalty and clan-separatism, as well as by the forces of mis-government. It also shows how Chinese patriotism,

deliberately slain and smothered by the Manchus, had fallen to nothing. It encourages a Bolshevik view of history and Chinese future development, calling on the oppressed peoples of all the earth, and the oppressed classes of the most imperialistic nations, to follow China, in alliance with Russia. It is a book of supreme difficulty, because Sun Yat-sen is trying to reconcile two opposite notions: that of nationalism and that of Bolshevik internationalism. Its impression is not convincing, the hand of Russian friends being all too apparent. But the most telling passage gives the policy pursued steadfastly by the Kuomin-tang ever since: namely to develop a strict nationalism, in accord with a policy of non-interference abroad and championship of all other struggling nationalities. I state, for what it is worth, my view that President Wilson's Fourteen Points were an inspiration to Sun far above the mere suggestion one would gather from him.

The Second Book bears out this view. It concerns itself with a very sympathetic study and analysis of foreign forms of constitution, especially the American, which, however, is definitely refused in favour of a Chinese system founded on the Ming Empire.

This system is by far the most important part of the book, and it is as follows:

The foundation of the creed is economic.

China is, above all, an economic unit, and Sun Yat-sen knew that the future of the world is in the economic domain. This is because men today have broken loose from feudal ideas. The basis of society is fluid, for it is the money market. It is the money

market: but it should be a system of production. It should be a system called "The People's Livelihood."

Sun Yat-sen was a doctor, and a fine surgeon. His is the scientific point of view. He saw people starving in a land of untold material resources, because they could not govern themselves. So he became a constitutional expert, even a revolutionary.

These origins form the third, or incomplete, part of the San Min Chiu. It was not a book, but an attitude. Let us study his Constitution.

It is founded upon a complete democracy. The rights of the people are four: Electoral (for the Central Committee of Government); Referendum on all points affecting directly the political or social recasting of the nation; Recall, that is, the right of the people voting by poll to deprive Ministers of their portfolios; Initiation, or the right of the people by petition to propose measures to the Central Committee. These are the rights of the people.

Dr. Sun is careful to point out the expert nature of statesmen, and to appeal for the maximum of trust to be accorded them.

The powers of the Government are five, not to be confused nor to overlap: administrative, legislative, judicial, examinational (all officials being subject to constant examination), and inquisitional (there being a special Government department, most immediately answerable in public, for superintending and economising the work of all other departments). This is the superstructure, if one may say so. The economic condition, on which this political consti-

tution is built, and which it exists to create, is the Chinese form of the collective state. This economic condition is that of a people of private capitalists owing their existence and protection to a government of all the people. The Government subsidises, controls, and expects co-operation from, all producers: and in this way the industrialist is assured and the Government is in command of its industries. It is not a notion any longer strange to us. Indeed, by this system, there is a vast field of common effort and protection in which private effort and state socialism are indistinguishable. In time, it is hoped to close the gap entirely, and to introduce a truly collective state where private merit and Government interests can no longer but fully be identified. The argument applies first to land values: and it is here that the first option of the new State Collectivism is even now being operated. Henry George was in a sense at the heart of Sun Yat-senism.

Such is a brief account of the construction proposed in the San Min Chiu. Immediately the cry of "Bolshevism" is raised. Let us distinguish.

Bolshevism is founded on a philosophy completely different: for it is founded on a class-war. The class-war psychology is the reverse of Sun Yat-sen's doctrine. This is plain. Secondly, Bolshevism is a doctrine of immediate economic revolution: Sun Yat-sen returns quite simply to the foundation of the old pre-Manchu polity of China. Thirdly, Sun Yat-sen will one day appear in history as the man who saved private enterprise for a quarter of humanity: saved it by making sure that its ruinous and

suicidal excesses, witnessed in the West since 1780, should be impossible in China—that she should yet be saved the miseries following on our industrial revolution, our de-controlled Manchester scholasticism. This he has achieved in a Civil War. “Down with Capitalism!” It is a cry we have heard. “Down with Imperialism!”—What does that other Kuomintang slogan mean? It means “away with foreign compulsion to fluid labourism!”

Of all this creed, Sun Yat-sen’s pacifism is the counterpart. It is in his noble book *The International Reconstruction of China*: the plea that China might be internationally capitalised to develop her resources for the world. In this work, he substitutes for partitioning-schemes—which must make of China a shambles of humanity one day—a scheme of non-intervention under a League of the World. It was an ideal. It is gone today.

The great project of Sun Yat-sen was assisted by Wong Ching-wai, his “left hand” (as the Chinese call this adopted son of his). His “right hand” is Chiang Kai-shih, Generalissimo. And these two men represent the two sides of Dr. Sun’s character: as his son, Minister Sun Fo, represents his power of unification.

I will quote here the political doctrine of Wong Ching-wai, as he gave it to me in Canton, in February, 1926. It is worth quoting, for it comes from a man of supreme genius:

“China is no more a people, she is a world awaiting recognition. For a world is not the same as a people:

it is a magnificence invented by men for the love of their children. And this is China, and this is her being. A people exists by foresight in the creation of its own happiness. This has not been the characteristic of European statesmanship. And I am now certain that there is but one way in which to ensure such happiness: it is by organising self-government among the people of Kwangtung. This is my creed. Let us see how it works out. It is not in iron mastery that government can be made secure, it is in the manifest approval of a people who need not vote or hold elections; it is in the constant referendum of a people referring their corporate consciousness to their chosen ruler. This is not so difficult to understand; for no man is under obligation to give his approval, and silence is a register of dissatisfaction. For I am a man not impervious to the will of my fellows. I am a lover of China first and foremost. And love is a matter of recognition: and love is the fulfilling of statesmanship."

This is the view underlying the *San Min Chiu*, especially its introductory sections: That China is great in her race only, not in her organisation, and that the race must endure; and the race consists in millions of men and women in poverty, disease, and ignorance; that this is due to the Manchu, the foreign dynasty, who spent China's wealth and mortgaged her for hundreds of years to foreign speculators, and sold her sovereignty to foreign Powers, because they were too idle and despotic to govern or to spare. This is true, every word; and the only reason why foreigners look back in regret and wonder to the Manchu—and the reason why today they hanker after a Chinese despotism on the old model, presided

over by a committee of foreigners anxious above all for foreign control at any price—is that they cannot resolve to abandon a type of dealing as unprecedentedly profitable to themselves as it has been ruinous to peoples in starvation. China's tragedy has been a fugue of starvation endlessly played upon two tragic discords, her political weakness and her wealth in raw resources and raw humanity. So mighty, so rich, so potentially productive is China, that any attempt by one nation to dominate her, or even any organised attempt at friendly partition, must lead the world into the "Dog-Fight,"* as they call us, from which none but corpses are likely to emerge. And this is a reason for Chinese reluctance to join the international "Monkey-Mob," or even subject themselves to international control.

But the doctrine of Sun Yat-sen, the soul of a world today, is no mere international pacifism. For he saw that in fire a people is reforged, in nationalism alone can be seen its contribution to The World for All.† It is a question of walking before humanity can fly. So his first and last propositions shall here stand, as one creed of China, which they are:

"A creed is a doctrine, a belief and a power. Knowing the doctrine, you shall obtain belief. Holding the belief, you hold power. Holding power you shall save your country. What is this belief? It is the San Min Chiu. It is the doctrine whereby China shall become a nation the largest in the world, in glory second to none.

* "The Chinese Melon," the Chinese have called their auctioned country: "the Dog-Fight" their capitalistic exploiters.

† See page 77.

"When China is free, she will fight fearlessly for all those others yet oppressed by foreign Imperialism. Who are they? Not only are they the nations termed 'subject' or 'oppressed': not only the coloured peoples, the yellow, the black, the brown; they are the peoples of the so-called great nations. They are more than nine-tenths of all humanity.

"It is an old saying that the strong must aid the weak. This has China in her greatness always done. Nor did Thibet, nor Burma, nor Siam, ever rebel against us: nor has their love for us altered.

"Therefore I say to you that when China is free she must fight for all the people oppressed. There is no other salvation for China. Thus only can she fulfil her soul."

There is always something repellent in recognising face-to-face the wrongs and mistakes of the past. But we are facing the consequences on China of a history enacted mainly between 1825 and 1901; and of an event of 1916 between the Japanese and Chinese peoples, of which the people of this country, naturally and horribly concentrated on the war in Europe, passed in anxious ignorance, and have since passed in anxious oblivion, not unblest by those guilty for it. For in that year the Japanese Government presented, with the tacit consent of the Allied Powers, with whom both China and Japan were then in alliance, the infamous Twenty-One Demands, of which the East, and enlightened Japan in particular, remains in perpetual memory, and which were never rescinded. For Yuan Shih-kai, nominee for the Emperor's chair of all the Allied Powers, accepted them in an hour of false ambition. That acceptance formally handed over

the whole of China as a Japanese colony, while England bled for liberty. It is not my task here to go point by point through those demands. Putnam Weale, Millard, and a host of others, have recorded the whole tale time and again to horrified audiences, with an injustice to Japan, or rather a lack of sympathy, of which I am ashamed. It stands clearly written in the records of the League of Nations Union, and of the Society for International Understanding. But suffice it to say that never before in history had an Allied Power been so shamelessly betrayed by its Allies; never before in all history had diplomatic corruption reached so high a point. Those demands remained unmodified at the Versailles Conference; at the Washington Peace Conference they were but slightly interfered with. And China took note: and laughed. She laughed, because she knew that behind her was the organised force of the Russian Soviets, and, behind the Soviets, of Germany, now humbled materially, but prouder and greater in determination than ever before. West of China lay Burma, formerly a part of the old Chinese Empire, West again India, seething with red propaganda controlled from Germany; and the same applied to the Middle and Near East. But the world could not see through Chinese eyes, and to the Western peoples it appeared that, with the departure of Pan-Germanism in its original form, Armageddon had been passed. It was but a preliminary. Sun Yat-sen in 1923 stated the truth in the Threefold Doctrine of the People, in the sentence: "Now that Germany has, by the result of the Great War, been

set beside Russia among the oppressed peoples, the oppressed number 1,250,000,000 against the 250,000,000 of the oppressing nations. Five to one. To unite with the oppressed peoples of all the world is not difficult. We shall be joined by the thinking and working classes among the oppressing peoples." The Chinese tocsin sounded. Vengeance was in the air.

CHAPTER V

THE PEOPLE AND CHRISTIANITY

NEVER did China believe in Christianity till Sun Yat-sen, under the influence of Bolshevik liberation-ideas, called himself a Christian Revolutionary and died in that faith. His belief was, in other words, that Jesus was a political revolutionary, failing only because of His weakness in men: that "King of the Jews" can mean this alone, and that the treachery of Judas was just counter-revolutionism. This view was adopted by the Chinese revolutionaries, the Christians contributing the figure of Jesus Christ leading the world of men to liberty at last. "Lord, here be two swords." "It is enough." It is a favourite saying today. It means, in Chinese eyes, the sword of superior power and the sword of liberty.

To us in England now, after these years of Bolshevik war on religion, it may seem strange for Sun to have found Christ in Joffe. But no book on China can even begin to be fair unless it witnesses in the work of Joffe, and of his successor Borodin, with all their faults of arrogance, the forerunners of China's liberty of today. Nor did Joffe ever allege, in his terms of liberation for China in 1924, any ulterior motives. It was the first such act ever witnessed or enjoyed by China in all her sad history from 1700 to the present day. However hard it may be for us to

realise it, it is no good doubting at all that China owes her liberty to Russian interference on her behalf.

It is not, therefore, in any spirit of class-hatred against the Bolshevik that the Chinese today see with despair in Russia a people gone mad in lack of religious conviction to back their liberation: it is in sorrow for this that the Chinese may tomorrow accept a religion which excludes their first lovers in Europe; nor can it be easy to wean the people from nihilism and self-destruction, unless a type of Christianity better suited to their genius than any types at present taught there be introduced to them. Whence can spring this Christianity? From the Sermon on the Mount alone, it would seem. Nor may any Christian deny the truth of the words of Wong Ching-wai, spoken in the Y.M.C.A. in Canton in 1922 (an atheist speaking his creed): "It is not possible for a Chinese to accept anything short of the law of non-resistance if he accept Christianity at all. It is not possible to accept a law unaccepted in their arrogance by Christians themselves."

That is the thought of all China today.

Easy it is to preach a doctrine of non-resistance, so say the Chinese, when an evil has been riveted upon a people once humble and sincere; easier still to justify every course and means of action by appeal to the spectacle of missionaries slaughtered mercilessly for the misdeeds of their Christian compatriots; easiest of all to justify Christianity by the plea that it has never been accepted. But never have the Chinese committed these political massacres of

missionaries except when maddened by their attribution to them of all foreign misdeeds.

We must also see that to an Eastern mind, bent upon ceremonial and ritual, the practical teaching of Jesus must demand a perfect acceptance in behaviour before it can be acceptable at all. It is not so much that the Oriental objects to what he considers to be stuffy and ugly religious staging, preaching, hymns and prayers: it is that he objects to falseness in prosecuting an accepted idea. For the ideal, as a magnet of unrealisable goodness, he has far less use than for a practicable code of existence. The caste-system (vulgarly supposed to be the special feature of India) has been, in accordance with this principle also, accepted by all the East. But modern China has refused a class-stratification: she has refused also the new Babooism of India under caste destruction by Christianity. Nor does she accept a society in which (as in Western democracy) the men of lowest culture and meanest desires may get the better of good men and intellectuals by reducing life to a heady starvation-rush for luxury.

It is not, therefore, in any Christianity yet taught them that the Chinese see deliverance from static or financial or educational slavery, but in laws sanely applied in a movement of Christian revolutionism. It was Roman pagan law, not Christianity, as is amply proved in legal antiquarianism, that moved from status to contract a man enslaved, and replaced him by an enslaved society. In other matters China stands aloof, particularly in disliking the un-Christian solemnity demanded of them and in the matter of

the rite of Holy Communion. In the latter a Chinese sees a ceremony of betrayal; since if Jesus had meant such a thing to be done in His name forever, surely He would have said so; he sees heathenism there, because memory of a hero is not to a sane man a matter of studied ritual. (The worship of Sun Yat-sen is on a different plane altogether, for the Chinese consider him to be their leader still. The salute to him, his ceremonials, are almost military in manner. They are the salute of the people. Such observances are reserved for political personalities.) Some Chinese see here also a service in memory of what are to them the blindest of all Apostles, the most cowardly of all followers: others, a ceremony of the world's record betrayal and desertion. Judas should certainly have been killed by Peter, and was not. It also appears illogical to wait for death when you might try to get away. Then the Apostles lived in denial of their leader.

A view more generally held is that of a Chinese of outstanding personality who once said to me: "It is not my way to judge doctrines. Life is enough for me. Life is my lover. I am tired of religion altogether. Why is it necessary, or rather expedient, as you say, to believe all this rubbish? Rubbish it is, for you neither obey nor confess to us your disobedience. If you did, you are lost as Imperial rulers. Pilate was not Jesus, so I see it. Why not confess folly in ignorance? It is folly to believe what ignorance persuades you to accept. For ignorance is to believe in a lie, and a lie it is: since if Jesus died for our sins, He was a lunatic; but He was a sensible

man, you say, and pray to Him. So it is clear that you are fools."

But an older man, and well-known thinker, said to me: "I am old, and I know death now. I am too old to care. But I know I am near a revelation, not a darkness; and if Jesus teaches this He is true, if not He is false. You need proof, you say. It is in yourself. If to die is to lose consciousness, whence did consciousness come? You analyse the brain. The Russian analyses it also; clearly, for he distrusts his own mentality, since he is a fool and has shown it: if he were not, he would have long ago accepted Jesus, He who alone understands him, apparently. For he anyway has shown some sympathy with Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, a doctrine of French origin very far from France today. Yes, I am a Christian. For I have seen a world at war. I know Jesus today, I am His lover, though I am a damned Chinese."

"Yet China will tomorrow be a Christian people, for out of Galilee proceeds salvation," a Chinese doctor once said to me. "Christianity proceeds out of the lives of the people as surely as a grain of wheat out of an ear, and seeds there. For the people desire immortality, and in some fashion the power of Jesus informs every belief in that. It does so because He himself was superhuman and lived on earth. It is an argument full of meaning, for it is positive, and in this faith I close my work for men." This was also the belief of Sun Yat-sen.

CHAPTER VI

THE WOMEN OF CHINA

THE women of China are silent. Enfranchised in Canton in 1912, they have never been vocal except as political red agitators. Bolshevism is in many ways a feminine creed, as all observers relate. Therefore the women of China pull less and less weight today as Bolshevism recedes. Confucianism gave them no room, as we have seen. Kuomintang revolution has given them very little more as yet. I speak of the lower orders. Among the upper Kuomintang leaders Confucianism, together with submission of women to Confucian penalties, of an appalling character in our eyes, has been blotted out both officially and as part of a campaign organised by unofficial women's centres.

Of all women, these have been elevated to a height of artificiality perhaps the highest of all. It is not easy to find in any book upon China any solid truth about them; but they are best described in the work of Ernest Bramah. The treatment of women as wise toys is immemorial. The origin of the practice of foot-breaking, applied to the women until 1912, is further back than the Sung Dynasty. Their sale at adolescence, their murder in, or immediately after, birth, as not commercial propositions, are too well known to need restatement. Even the British have retained Mu-tsai, open female slavery, in Hongkong,

to the silence of the China experts yet busy in hounding England to destroy the deliverers of women in China herself.

Let it be said that China Missions and the Y.M.C.A. have today introduced an atmosphere of health and sanity everywhere. It is true that the blue-stocking has been more in evidence in China than anywhere else during the years of revolutionism; true also that foreigners have seen Chinese ladies of a type very different from the famous mandarin dolls of Somerset Maugham; and I have memories of the noblest woman agitators I have ever seen. It is all the path to progress, after all; for the day will come when Chinese, as well as Western, womanhood revolts from scenes comparable to those of Parisian night-haunts; and when that day comes, woman will be found the dominating force. For the Chinese woman has won emancipation, and tomorrow the face of the mother of China, the greatest thing in humanity, enters at last the Plenary Session. To hasten that day must be, in the work of world-peace, the most earnest endeavour of all who would stay China from her mad rush of destruction.

Women in China have suffered subjection from birth uncomplaining. Their very self-control was yet, in a sense, their own destruction. The road to Mandalay was the desire of too many foreigners—a desire enhanced by an art of decoration and of decorum unique. It is not easy to describe this magnetism. It comes like a melody to people tired of jazz fretfulness, female self-opinionativeness. The work of Hovelaque in this matter the most

penetrating ever written, is a fugue on the woman of Canton. There is nothing more to his book, save gleanings from others. It is the greatest book on China.

Jealous as the Chinese are of their women, and too much so for happiness, and far too much so for progress (since the women of China speak of themselves never to foreigners, except in disreputable instances), the foreigner sees there the power unapproachable of the nation. And in this analysis is a world of meaning for the enemies of a silent people, much of reckoning also.

CHAPTER VII

IMPERIALISM*

“ You will tell to the people in England the truth about China. Thus Anglo-Chinese friendship will be advanced.” So simple an injunction. Of the difficulties involved, which demand a volume of satire all to themselves, I shall mention but one; for to meet it these pages are written.

For comprehensible reasons, Britain’s dealings with China, past and present, are not obtruded on the notice of the people by politicians, journalists, historians or company directors. The few good books on the subject are large, expensive, and not easy to come by. During the period from January to September, 1926, when world-changing events were happening in China, the public here (through the ignorance or design of politicians and publicists) remained almost unaware of China’s existence until, after the vital issue was settled, our dailies, weeklies, and monthlies, between Coal Strike and Trades Unions Bill, broke silence. England was deluged by propagandists of vested mercantile interests in China; with sensationalism, incitement, rumours, denials. The fact is that happenings in China, recent and present, are the logical and dynamic result of a hundred years of history.

* This Chapter is reprinted by permission from my articles in *Foreign Affairs*.

It is my task, here, to state shortly the vital causes of China's present condition. I shall record no statement that is honestly disputable. I shall explain some important developments as clearly as I can.

First, a picture: a young Chinese soldier delivering one of those impassioned harangues which have kindled, and are kindling, the Chinese people, too long indifferent, to a white heat of patriotism. One slogan repeatedly spoken, the keynote of all—"Down with Imperialism." For us "Imperialism" has many meanings. What does this Chinese soldier mean by it? For answer, we must go back to the year 1840, to the First Opium War.

Previous to this there had been, in modern times, persistent, and often bloody, attempts at "opening up" China, first by Dutch adventurers, then by the Portuguese (finally settled at Macao), then by the British (at last permitted to reside for trade at Canton, business being conducted between two groups of monopolists, the British East India Company and the Chinese Cohong). Beginning with general trade, the profits of the foreigners had come to be drawn mainly from opium, by far the largest import being the Indian-grown product of the British. After a rapid increase after 1795, the amount so imported doubled between 1820 and 1828; doubled again by 1835, and again by 1839, when the British import was three and a third millions of pounds. This trade had been prosecuted against repeated appeals and prohibitions by Peking, the British merchants arming Chinese smugglers against their authorities, and themselves using bribery where

possible and arms when necessary. In their dealings with the Chinese, and with each other, no laws (least of all the Chinese laws) were observed. Foreigners fought, and rival missionaries incited the Chinese against each other. The foreigners had deservedly earned the name of "red devils," which they have retained, both in China and in Japan, ever since, and with justification.

By 1839 the East India Company's charter had expired. First Lord Napier, and then Captain Charles Elliott, had failed, as King's representatives, in establishing co-operation or better conditions. The Chinese Emperor, in desperation, had sent the commissioner, Lin Tse-shiu, to Canton to stop the opium traffic even at the cost of interdicting all foreign trade. The inevitable clash ensued. Failing other means, all trade was boycotted. British opium, to the value of over a million and a half pounds, was lawfully seized and burnt. In the war that followed, in which millions of pounds' worth of Chinese property was destroyed, the British casualties totalled 520, the Chinese 19,000. Then followed the Treaty of Nanking. Like treaties were obtained by the French and Americans. Again, for the same reasons, wars followed, ending in the Treaties of Tientsin and Peking in 1858 and 1860, in which France and England participated, following co-operation in "war." The casualties on both sides retained, as always after, the same ratio as in the First Opium War. We cannot go into the details. Incalculable destruction was wrought, especially in Canton, Shanghai, Tientsin and Peking (where the Imperial Palace was looted

and destroyed, together with part of the city, by the French and British). As Hovelaque writes of Western dealings with China from 1700 to the present time: "It is a long and lamentable story, fraught with shame for Europe, a monotonous tale of savage aggression continually renewed on our part, and of total mutual incomprehension."

Our concern is with the results of these wars, the treaty-system under which China—her desire to stand aloof being judged as immoral and impossible—was forced to deal with foreign Powers; of this system, as Sir Austen Chamberlain has truly stated, we British have been the principal architects.

The main results were, briefly, these:

(1) Foreign settlements established in the main harbours of China, all of which, except Canton (blocked by the British colony of Hongkong) pass gradually under foreign control hereafter.

(2) Foreign acquisition of Extraterritorial Rights (consular jurisdiction), by which Chinese sovereignty is suspended, and foreign sovereignty substituted, in cases affecting foreigners in China.

(3) Foreign ("International") control of Chinese Tariffs.

(4) Exemption of foreigners from customs dues regularly levied on Chinese merchants, and from the regular taxes of the Government.

(5) The so-called "Most Favoured Nation" clause, henceforward inserted and understood in all China's treaties, by which any rights or privileges conceded to any "Power," under any circumstances, are conceded automatically to all the others.

(6) Payment of indemnities by China to her destroyers, on such a scale as to render her, in her disorganisation and poverty, permanently indebted and financially subject.

(7) Cessions of Territory, "leases," etc., as a matter of course.

China, hitherto outside the stream of Western commercial "progress," was thus forced into open competition with the developed countries, with her finances and means of finance mortgaged, her forts occupied, her tariff system used as a weapon to protect foreign goods (up to as much as 30 per cent.) against her own, on her own soil. This is but a partial sketch; the details fill volumes.

Such is the fundamental "architecture"—unchanged except in insignificant details—of China's political and economic history during the last century of unexampled world competition and expansion. Incidentally, the Opium Traffic was, and remains, "legalised." This system is now cited as International Law: and the Powers regard it as extremely generous to admit any change.

During the years that followed 1860, these principles were expanded and strengthened: until we find China entirely subject to competing Powers, her rivers patrolled by foreign gunboats (the "shuttles of Imperialism"), Peking dominated by foreign troops, to match the financial domination of foreigners.

"Imperialism," says Wong Ching-wai, "is the utilisation by any people of its political and military superiority, for subjecting to its economic encroach-

ment some foreign country or territory or race." By 1860, Imperialism was established in China. The scaffold, or scaffolding, was complete.

In one aspect, the figure develops from two themes, China's wealth and China's weakness. Not only was she "backward" economically; she was dominated by the effete Manchu despotism, the heir to which is now carefully preserved, with hope, by the British in Tientsin: by emperors ignorant, obstinate, proud, tyrannical, incompetent, the pawns of eunuchs and degenerates; arrogant towards foreigners; traitors to their own officials, for whom it was impossible to make successful resistance to penetration, as it was fatal to give news, or even warning, of failure; ideal playthings of foreign diplomacy, ready signatories of mortgage or surrender. Starving, misgoverned, betrayed, their means of livelihood failing under pressure of the industrially developed West, the Chinese people raised sporadic revolt, culminating in the Taiping uprising, which, lasting from 1851 to 1861, involved the destruction of one hundred millions of people and reduced China to starvation, anarchy and bankruptcy; creating, incidentally, the reputation of General Gordon, who helped to render possible the bloody slaughter of the starving desperadoes; and affording an unavoidable opportunity for "architectural" embellishments.

When—as for instance at Shanghai in 1853—the Manchu officials were forced hastily to quit their posts of administration, the work—especially the customs administration—had to be carried on, for China's good as for that of her creditors. In the

upshot, the whole customs administration was taken over by the foreigners; and thereafter remained in the hands of British administrators, who by this, as by the control of the Salt Gabelle (which was taken over in 1900), and in close co-operation with foreign banks, acquired complete control of China's finances. The organisation and administration of the "settlements"—even of whole cities like Shanghai—were already in foreign hands. Territorially, France appropriated Annam because brigands killed a missionary. England annexed Burma, because France had Annam. To preserve peace between the two, and therefore for China's good, these two Powers took Siam, thereafter setting her up as an independent buffer state. For these proceedings they had precedent; as Russia, some years before, had swallowed the vast Amur and Winkhai Provinces, constituting all China over ten degrees of longitude and twenty of latitude. In addition, "Spheres of Influence" were plotted out. England's "sphere" comprised the whole Yangtse Valley, which normally absorbs 60 per cent. of China's foreign trade. Control of railway construction was earmarked for the various Powers in their various spheres. So, from 1860 to 1890, thirty profitable years passed. The structure was becoming genuine neo-Gothic. In and after 1895, the pace increased.

Japan, whose existence was menaced, became involved in war with China. Having defeated the incompetent Manchus, she gained, by the Shimono-seki Treaty, Korea, Formosa and £25,000,000 to start her in business: together with recognition, as a

“Power,” to all the scheduled rights and privileges. A general scramble followed. Shantung and Kiaochow went to Germany; Kwanchow to France; the Kowloon Peninsula, with the islands and waters at the mouth of the Canton River to England. Next, Russia got control of Mongolia, Chinese Turkestan, and Manchuria. Then Weihaiwei for England: Fukien for Japan: prescriptive rights in Kwangtung, Kwangsi, and Yunnan for France.

China was to go the way of Africa. The Powers, jealously competing, were saved, in 1900, from an international dogfight, only because the Chinese people rose in desperation against a traitor Government and the foreigners. There ensued the Boxer Rising, which culminated in the sack, loot, and burning of Peking by a mixed “International Force” of British, Germans, French, Americans, Russians, Japanese, and hangers-on; when the wells of Peking were choked with the bodies of violated Chinese women preferring death to shame, to the number of more than eight thousand in the capital alone.

Such efforts in the cause of international comity cannot be made for nothing by “superior powers.” Therefore, in addition to all kinds of safeguards for the future, the Boxer Indemnity was added to the already fatal burdens of China; and, since it could not possibly be paid within human calculation, the Powers regrettfully appropriated, as security, the Salt Gabelle (China’s last independent source of considerable revenue), ever since administered, under the terms of that Treaty, by British officials salaried by the Chinese Government.

The Boxer episode of 1900-1901 marks a vital change, the beginning of a new epoch.

First, that rising answered effectively the opportunist attempt of the Powers, following the Sino-Japanese war, to partition the country. The Powers realised an unexpected power of resistance in China, and, looking back, perceived clearly both the vast international struggle towards which they had been rushing, and the possibilities of combined action, as recently demonstrated in their successful military and other performances. The need of the moment was to develop a method of subjection which should be neither so blatant from the Chinese point of view, nor so provocative of political and military complications. Economically, China was fast bound, and afforded a seemingly limitless field of exploitation. Financially, she was bankrupt. Hence the Powers concentrated no longer upon the acquisition of economic mastery by politics and war, but upon utilising their economic mastery to forge political chains; and this they did in painful but determined co-operation, partly to avoid, or defer, world-conflict, partly because capitalism, by nature international, now became, *ex hypothesi*, the controlling factor. The struggle for supremacy was deferred, replaced by a joint-stock imperialism profitable to all and accumulating, surely though at reduced speed, further political and territorial control; a substantial side-stake for the final victors, or the most deserving opportunists, in the next really big war, to be consecrated in 1914.

Second, we find a considerable section of the Chinese people at last roused out of contempt and

ignorance to some conscious understanding of their danger, and of the necessity for modernising their government and their warfare. The Taiping Revolt had proceeded from the uncomprehending distress of the masses and the ambitions of individuals. The Sino-Japanese war, though deeply impressing a few thinking persons, had scarcely been heeded by the vast majority, many being actually ignorant of its occurrence. But the Boxer war had been fought in the heart of the country; it had ended in the loot of Peking, the destruction of the Imperial Palace, and widespread posthumous looting expeditions ("punitive measures"), conducted especially by Frenchmen and Germans.

From this time forward there is, waiting for expression beneath the surface of all Chinese life, an unmitigated and determined hatred of the foreigner, which, in the absence until recent years of any positive nationalism, has, more than any other force, made for unification. Allied with this were hatred and contempt for the Manchus, who were coupled with the foreigners as the enemies and destroyers of the people.

Thus, in the period from 1901 to 1916, we find, on the one hand, a new and intensified development of Imperialism, rendering apparently hopeless any attempts at liberation; at the same time we find an increasing resistance beginning in the better-informed sections and spreading rapidly. There result a Revolution, a Republic, and a foreign-controlled Dictator.

Let us take first the new—or, as we may call it—Financial Imperialism.

Glancing over the commercial relations of China with the West, we see that after 1840 the original opportunist commerce, which resulted in the opium wars and commercial penetration, gave place in importance to the development of a vast and sorely needed market for the increasing production (and population) of America and Europe, especially of England, and most especially of Lancashire. An exultant epoch, when the Manchester School could imagine no limits to the expansion of world morality or of world markets for home manufactures. Both, however, proved to have their "bounds which they cannot pass, neither turn again to cover the earth."

To take the most important example: In 1851 Britain exported to China 4½ million pounds of cotton yarn and 115 million yards of cloth; in 1890 14½ million pounds of yarn and 528 million yards of cloth; but by 1895 there was a slight decrease, which has since continued steadily. Partial causes of the decrease were the exhaustion following the Taiping Revolt, with the depression and poverty which both caused and were increased thereby, and growing international competition; more fundamental was the general movement of the world's capital from industrial development at home to investment abroad. The most powerful immediate cause was the development of the iron, steel, and later the mechanical, industries in the West and Japan.

Owing to the peculiar conditions of China, finance-capital and the "heavy" industries—especially concentrated on railway construction—entered into a most potent alliance.

China's needs of railways and of machinery were literally incalculable, as they still are. The supply of these must—if wisely manipulated—give the key to her unworked mineral resources (estimated at one-third of the world's total), and to the cheapest labour market then existing.

On the other side of the picture we see that, ever since the raising of the £48,000,000 loan—from Russia, France, England, and Germany—to pay the Japanese indemnity of 1895 (a loan which in itself exceeded thrice the revenue of the Peking Government), China's rulers were at the mercy of foreign finance. The repayment of the loan being due in monthly instalments, which were always overdue, foreign control by bum-bailiff was absolute. To this bankruptcy was superadded the bill of the Boxer episode, followed, of course, by a new batch of loans of the “ promissory-note-and-deduction-before-you-get-your-cheque ” type. Foreign finance, internationally organised, could force the acceptance of any loan, when, on whatever terms, and for whatever purpose it pleased. The method evolved from these conditions was frank and obvious.

Of the various types of “ industrial loans ” I shall select those “ contracted ” for railway development, because they led the field. The same method was applied to such other undertakings as factories, shipping, etc.

The Chinese Government having assented to assume responsibility for a loan to be devoted to a specific purpose, the money (after preliminary deduction) was paid directly to the contracting firm by the banks,

to which the Chinese Government became responsible for payment of interest and capital by fixed instalments; the railways becoming nominally State property. But in all such contracts the foreign nation most intimately concerned was given the right of placing both construction and administration in the hands of its nationals; and, following the precedent of Russia (the East Manchurian Railway) and Japan (the South Manchurian and Anfung Railways), there were established "areas of control" along the whole course, occupied by foreign police and soldiers. In many cases, as with the Germans in Shantung, there were also included the rights of mining development in the "controlled areas": a practice which became more general with time. Thus we find France in control of the Yunnan-Annam Railway, as she extended her sphere from the colony of Indo-China; Germany controlling the Kiaochow-Tsinan line; England the Canton-Hankow, Shanghai-Ningpo, and other lines; Belgium with her little bit; America everywhere, and everywhere tactfully behind the scenes; and so on.

Over and above economic and commercial control, we thus find political control extended as a consequence, until it is literally true that China's railways were foreign military bases of invasion extended throughout the whole country.

The Powers competed keenly for the "rights" of their syndicates, threatening with war, in cases of disagreement, not each other, but Peking. Nor were Chinese subjects permitted, except as junior partners, to finance, construct or control railway undertakings.

In 1911 we find the Peking Government forced to take the construction of the Canton-Hankow Railway out of the hands of a Chinese company (which had raised the capital and actually commenced the work) and transfer it to a syndicate financed and appointed by a combined group of British, French, American, and German bankers. Such faultless craftsmanship furnishes proof that international co-operation is not impossible, provided the motive satisfies the conscience of civilised humanity. There are sermons in stones.

Because the Chinese Government was, for financial reasons, "a government at three days' sight," the native banks had no basis of credit; the financial business of China was transferred to foreign banks, whose paper notes became the only stable circulation. These banks absorbed all big business, controlled and manipulated the silver exchange in its constant fluctuations during the troubled history of modern China, and were actually in a position in 1911 to take a high percentage on Chinese deposit accounts. Established in the concessions and in Hongkong, they were the repositories of the salt revenues, and the Customs duties, etc. They financed political and military movements. The largest, the Hongkong and Shanghai Bank, has exercised incalculable influence. It has been concerned in nearly every important British undertaking; and the results of this linking up permeate the news judiciously supplied to the British public. With an insured capital of £2,500,000, its discounted bills and loans to commerce amounted in 1926 to over £55,000,000. Its regular dividend,

for many years past, has amounted to 50 per cent. Foreign banking profits in China have amounted normally to £10,000,000 annually from Chinese sources alone.

Again, the years following 1901 mark the emergence of China's Industrial Revolution, under pressure of external developments.

With imported machinery the first cotton mill had been set up in Shanghai in 1890. By 1902 there were 17 cotton mills; by 1911, 32; by 1925, 122. The native hand industries had been ruined by foreign competition, under an externally imposed tariff system which, as I have said above, actually discriminated in China against the Chinese. The agricultural population was impoverished. Fluid labour could be had from the ruined villages at the lowest price.

The new city workers endured, and continued to endure for thirty years (conditions are but little improved today), lives worse than those of the British "aliens crowded in the courts of death" of the early nineteenth century. The mills were mainly foreign-owned, the Japanese leading the way. In the silk and match factories, for instance, conditions were no better. The printing and tobacco industries have been the best, showing four humane concerns—Japanese, Chinese (two), and British.

Accompanying this development, and the tighter and wider foreign control of concessions, controlled areas, etc., there automatically grew up the new Chinese mercantile class, whose sympathies were divided between the new and profitable system and

jealousy of the foreign merchants and banks. On the whole—an important observation in reference to subsequent political movements—the most successful merchants in China adhered to the former class, while the small merchants in China, and the mostly very rich merchants overseas, were the most powerful backers of nationalism until the last few years. In thus enlisting in their interests powerful groups of denationalised Chinese in the outports, no less than by the propagation of foreign ideas through educational institutions, the foreigners greatly strengthened their political hold, weakening the movement for liberation.

The reader may now better understand the change of emphasis in foreign dealings for which the years 1902-1916 are vitally important. Economic penetration, formerly the protégé, has become the strong weapon of the extension and strengthening of political control. The risk of international war is minimised. Military force remains, as ever, the decisive weapon in reserve.

This method was more formidable because less openly aggressive; the people, who had risen against violent partition, were reduced to blind resignation. Here was a more powerful drug than opium; though, like opium, it could not retain its hold for ever. The Government, whatever its thought, was impotent. A rich and powerful group was being alienated. It appeared to foreign residents that China was doomed, and their insolence developed accordingly, till it became the Shanghai mannerism of today.

But, as I observed above, a notable feature of the

story is that, with each successive increase of external tyranny, there has developed in China the resisting force which, having saved the people from attempt after attempt at subjection, is at last, even as I write, achieving their final liberation.

Out of those years emerged the Republic. We have seen how the Manchus, with a last desperate turn of policy, placed themselves at the head of the Boxer Movement, instead of being overthrown by it; how they brought humiliation and disaster on themselves and their people, and thereafter became a puppet Government in the hands of the Powers.

After saving themselves by yielding to demands for reform and national reorganisation urged by the more enlightened officials and scholars, the reigning Emperor and the Empress-Dowager died in 1908. But their death was followed by an attempted reaction to the old obscurantist despotism; and the subservience of the Court to the foreign nations, to whom they clung for support, brought on the Revolution of 1911, hastened by the affair of the Hankow-Canton Railway, already referred to.

The first President of the Republic was Sun Yat-sen, who had been mainly instrumental in awakening China to action. His aims, and those of his party, composed of the "intellectuals" and backed by the overseas Chinese, were internal reorganisation and liberation from foreign control and from inequalities of status. For fifteen years after its inauguration the Republic failed to achieve either of its announced objects.

The Powers interested were immediately disturbed

by Sun Yat-sen's claim to international equality for China; yet more disturbed when the People's Parliament showed critical reluctance in the matter of "accepting" foreign loans; definitely and finally hostile when Sun announced his intention of a complete national reform of the railways, redeeming those already constructed from foreign control, and constructing lines in future under Chinese control.

The choice was between interference and fair play. Human nature being what it is, the sequel was as Sun foresaw. The Powers turned the whole force of their finance and political ascendancy to the task of forcing China backward, of destroying the Republic. They succeeded, by intrigue, threats, and gentler persuasions, in inducing Yuan Shih-kai, the traitor General of the Manchus, who still held the strongest army in China, to accept a "Reorganisation Loan" of the regular type, internationally financed; by the help of this loan, yielding to personal ambition and misled by reactionary advice from his foreign "friends," he broke up the constitution, slaughtered his political opponents, and suppressed popular revolt with appalling barbarity; proceeding, amid the almost universal applause of the civilised press, to establish himself at the sword's point, first as "permanent President" and finally as Emperor; only to find himself, and the nation, which, in his peculiar fashion, he still desired to serve, the toys of his creators. Revolts immediately broke out, especially that in Yunnan, led by Tsai-Ao, whose name I mention for honour's sake. Yuan died, broken-hearted, in the same year (1916).

The whole land was in baronial anarchy; more hopelessly than ever subjected to the foreigner; disrupted by domestic and international intrigue. Yet not "hopelessly." For a new self-consciousness had arisen, finding expression in Sun Yat-sen, through whom salvation was destined one day to be completed, when death had proved his power.

There remained eight years of suffering and humiliation exceeding any yet endured.

"But I'm painting what I see," protested Whistler's pupil. "The shock will come," Whistler answered, "when you see what you are painting." The repeated, and unheeded, protests of Sir Robert Hart—and of the great number of British and other Western statesmen, administrators, writers, doctors, and educators, who, with him, have honoured their peoples in the Far East—have been a long amplification, in the political sphere, of Whistler's warning. But world politics in China have been persistent in their opportunism, controlled always, therefore, by interests.

So, despite all warnings, all misgivings, injustice was added to injustice, each false step not impossible to excuse at the moment, the total effect too bad to face, though at times too threatening to disregard. It remained for Japan, during the years of the Great War, to state clearly and logically the principles which opportunism had developed.

The fascinating story covers seven and a half years, between the declaration of war against Germany by Japan on August 23, 1914, and the close of the Washington Conference of February, 1922.

The task undertaken by Japan in the war was to drive Germany from Asia and end her power in Eastern waters. On August 15, 1914, Japan sent an ultimatum to Germany, demanding the withdrawal of German ships from Japanese and Chinese waters, and the surrender within a month, "without condition or compensation" of "the entire leased territory of Kiaochow with a view to the eventual restoration of the same to China." Note the "rendition" of a Chinese leased territory by one foreign Power to another (China being at the time a declared neutral). Japan's reading of the word "eventual" was shortly revealed. Germany did not reply. By the end of September, Japanese troops had occupied Weihsien in Shantung, which was outside the war zone agreed to by China: thereafter seizing the Kiaochow-Tsinan Railway, together with Tsinan, the capital of Shantung. The final capitulation of the Germans at Tsingtao, on November 7, and the taking over of the German "possessions" in and round Kiaochow, and of her rights in Shantung, led to no withdrawals. In fact, Japan was making war on China. Why?

Japan's policy had been openly expressed by her leading publicists, and in inspired pronouncements, immediately on the outbreak of the war: the whole being summed up in the famous memorial of the Black Dragon Society, representing the powerful class. In order to explain exactly the outlook of Japan, I set down the points of this memorial. It consists of two parts. In the first part, the world-situation is envisaged, the following quotations giving the sense of the whole:

. . . After peace in Europe is restored, these Powers (England, France, and Russia) will certainly turn their attention to the expansion of their several spheres of influence in China, and, in the adjustment, their interests will most probably conflict with one another. . . . What proper means shall we employ to maintain our influence, and extend our interests, within this ring of rivalry and competition? . . . The peace of the Far East will be endangered, and even the existence of the Japanese Empire as a nation will undoubtedly be imperilled.

Thereafter the argument develops:

We are not concerned so much with the question whether the Dual Monarchies or the Triple Entente shall emerge victorious, but whether, in anticipation of the future expansion of European influence in Europe and Asia, the Imperial Japanese Government should or should not hesitate to employ force to check this movement before its occurrence. Now is the most opportune moment for Japan to solve quickly the Chinese question. Such an opportunity will not recur for hundreds of years. Not only is it Japan's divine duty to act now, but present conditions in China favour the execution of such a plan. . . .

The plan is evolved in the second part, the principle followed being stated thus:

It is a very important matter of policy whether the Japanese Government, in obedience to its divine mission, shall solve the Chinese question in a heroic manner by making China voluntarily rely upon Japan. To force China to such a position there is nothing else for the Imperial Japanese Government to do but to take advantage of the present opportunity to seize the reins of political and financial power and

to enter by all means into a defensive alliance with her under secret terms as enumerated below.

The terms are then specified, and also the policy of bribing Yuan Shih-kai, by the promise of making him emperor, into accepting them. It is then pointed out that neither Great Britain nor the United States will be strong enough to oppose the plan, or, if their rights in China are sufficiently guaranteed, anxious to interfere. Finally, the determined pursuit of this policy will be to grasp a "heaven-sent opportunity," and to force "even the gods and spirits" to give way: a formulation of political metaphysics which proved how thoroughly the leaders of Japan had absorbed the culture of the West, and might well make the statesmen of Europe feel like men watching monkeys, or monkeys watching men.

Accordingly, on January 18, 1915, the Japanese Minister, Dr. Hioki Eki, called upon Yuan Shih-kai, to present the Twenty-one Demands, and threatened violent reprisals in case of their terms being published. The Demands were in five groups, whose contents, shortly put, were as under:

Group I.—The taking over by Japan of all Germany's rights, etc., in Shantung, including the right of "financing" the projected Chefoo-Weihsien line.

Group II.—Complete arrangements for the penetration and consolidation by Japan of Southern Manchuria and Eastern Inner Mongolia; including wholesale concessions in regard to mines, railways and loans; the employment in all key positions of Japanese "advisers," and extended jurisdiction of the Japanese courts. (The right of military and police

occupation, on the plea of threatened interests, was understood as usual.)

Group III.—The Hanyehping Ironworks, opposite Hankow—by far the largest in China—together with the mines, etc., attached, were to be brought completely under Japanese control.

Group IV.—China must undertake not to lease any island, bay, or harbour, to any nation except Japan. (This proviso was afterwards, through British pressure, limited to the provinces of Shantung and Fukien.)

Group V. I give in full, as the fitting climax; as also because this group, as we shall see, determined the trend of Sino-Japanese affairs during and after the war:

First Item : In the Central Government of China, influential Japanese shall be invited as political, financial, and military advisers.

Second Item : All Japanese hospitals, monasteries, and schools in the interior of China shall be granted the right to land.

Third Item : Certain amounts of ammunition shall be bought from Japan; or China shall establish Sino-Japanese munition factories, employing Japanese experts and buying Japanese materials.

Fourth Item : The police in all important centres shall be under Sino-Japanese control. In such places all the police stations must employ a majority of Japanese, to concert measures for the reform of the Chinese police system.

Fifth Item : The Chinese Government undertakes that the construction privileges of the railways connecting with the Wuchang—Kiukiang—Nanchang line, and of the Nanchang—Hangchow and Nanchang—Chaochow lines, shall be given over to Japan.

Sixth Item : In developing the railways, mines, and harbours (including docks) within the Fukien province, China must first consult Japan when foreign capital is required.

Seventh Item : The Chinese Government guarantees to the Japanese the right of religious propaganda in China.

These Demands are the high-water mark of *political Imperialism* in China.

Gradually, of course, the terms leaked out. In face of public feeling throughout all China, Yuan, despite perpetual visits, threats, and enticements from Japanese officials, procrastinated for four months. But on May 17 he was presented with an ultimatum, and the deal was concluded against the will of a people in open revolt. After his death, a new President, Li Yuan-hung, was elected by a fairly representative Parliament, and for a time it looked as though China might achieve a stable political order. In truth, she was destined to fall into anarchy. This was inevitable, owing to her violent transition under unnatural and externally imposed conditions. But the immediate cause lay in the fact that, under foreign, chiefly British, pressure, Japan had finally yielded to Peking's constant protests, and deleted from the final version of the Twenty-one Demands the Fifth Group above quoted—the vital provisions for the fulfilment of the policy set forth in the Black Dragon memorial—"reserving it for future discussion." In accordance with her set scheme, in order to reduce China to impotent confusion, she now pursued a course of increased aggression combined with a deliberate splitting of the nation into rival factions.

In July, 1916, Japan entered into an agreement with Tsarist Russia, and a secret offensive and defensive alliance: and in February, 1917, by astute secret diplomacy, gained pledges in turn of England, France, Russia, and Italy, for the permanence of her newly taken holdings in Shantung.

At this time there was inaugurated the notorious northern Anfu group of Chinese statesmen and soldiers, led by Tuan Chi-jui, the then Premier, whose policy was to gain control through Japanese support, in return developing the Japanese policy. The group climbed to power by means of the plot which led to China's declaration of war on Germany. Their objects in this were tersely described in the phrase "abroad, declaration without war: at home, war without declaration." In other words, China's entry into the war was a party move; the power of Japan was to be exerted to crush all except the Anfu group, their marionettes: serious fighting against Germany was not contemplated. But the policy of intervention was helped by the entry of the United States, and by the declaration published by them to warring and neutral countries, including China. The United States had always treated China with more consideration than other Powers, and had very many idealising admirers among the students; thither alone the Chinese could look for assistance in the struggle against Japan. But the Nationalist group of the South, under Sun Yat-sen, comprising the remnants of the majority in the original Parliament of 1913, and the best elements of that now re-assembled, was antagonistic to the new policy: being,

before all else, determined to get rid of the so-called Unequal Treaties, and profoundly suspicious of Japan. Nor had the recent forcible seizure by France of several hundred acres of land, at Tientsin, enhanced the popularity of the Entente. Finally, all thinking Chinese saw the Japanese design of creating an excuse to "lend" China (or rather, the Anfu group) sums of money for the pretence of making war.

In April, 1917, the question caused a split. Finally, Tuan Chi-jui convened a meeting of northern militarists at Tientsin, when a secession of the North was declared. President Li yielded, and dismissed the Legislative Council. The Members of Parliament fled to the South. Suddenly, taking advantage of the situation, a militarist, Chang Hsun, took control of Peking, and declared the Manchu "boy emperor" as restored. The President fled. The Anfu group, marching from Tientsin, restored the Republic, with themselves at its head: and on August 14, despite the open defection of the South, war was declared on Germany.

China supplied 175,000 men for labour battalions in France, Mesopotamia, and Africa: and later, "together with" Japan, guaranteed Mongolia against invasion; but Japan, with her puppet group in power from now till 1920, and having, by the Lansing-Ishii agreement of November, 1917, compromised the scruples of the United States, was the real beneficiary. Under pretext of "mutual defence against possible invasion by Germany through Russia," and "for the purpose of mutual supply of munitions and

materials," Japanese control was introduced everywhere, Japanese soldiers and police stationed in Chinese territory, the railways in the North taken over. Loans were contracted one after another, sufficient, in all reckoning, to guarantee permanent Japanese rule. The money went into the pockets of the Anfu group. Where it went after that, nobody knows. By the end of the war, it seemed that China's assassination had been accomplished at last, during the years when the flower of Europe perished for the sake of a dream.

The Paris Peace Conference of February, 1919, was professedly regarded by the whole Eastern world as the supreme test of European civilisation. The impression, deliberately read into the repeated declarations of Entente statesmen, and above all the propaganda use of President Wilson's Fourteen Points, was that the victorious Powers were pledged to the inauguration of a new epoch in international, as in domestic, affairs. Justice and respect for the full sovereignty and self-determination of all peoples were to supplant the right of the stronger by "The World for All," as Confucius had conceived. It is impossible to estimate the effect produced on the East by these understood promises.

China tabled her requests in accordance with them. First, as a member of the Entente, China proposed the restoration to herself of the former German concessions and rights, instead of their being handed over to Japan.

Secondly, in the spirit of the freedom and integrity of nations, as the basis of a new era, China proposed

"the abolition of spheres of influence: the withdrawal of foreign troops and police: withdrawal of foreign control over posts, telegraphs, and wireless: abolition of extra-territorial rights: recovery of the foreign settlements and concessions: and tariff autonomy."

On the first point, the Conference adhered to the secret treaties with Japan, of 1916.

The second group of requests was ruled out as "not within the scope of the Conference."

The Chinese refused to sign the Peace Treaty, afterwards negotiating a separate peace with Germany, from whom China obtained unqualified cancellation of all unequal rights.

Japan's calculations, made on the outbreak of the Great War, had proved exactly correct.

The European Powers, and even more the United States, were, however, disturbed by her Chinese policy. Contemporaneous with the Peace Conference, there was held in Paris a banker's conference, representing the victorious nations. By its provisions, a slight check was placed on Japan's financial control. But the situation in the Pacific, and especially in China, could not be disregarded; and finally, in November, 1921, the United States convened the Washington Conference, in which Chinese affairs formed the most important discussion.

The main results were as follows:

(1) With considerable exceptions, telegraphic and postal control in China was restored to the Chinese.

(2) Provision was made for a slight increase in

the Chinese tariffs (retained under foreign control).

(3) Expressing hopes that China would set her house in order, the Powers declared that, when they considered the time more opportune, they would withdraw their troops and police, and discuss the question of extra-territoriality.

(4) Some promises were made concerning, *e.g.*, the restoration of Weihaiwei, receded in 1928.

(5) The Powers agreed upon a policy of co-operation with regard to China and the Pacific.

(6) The Japanese promised to relinquish their hold on Shantung, when the Chinese Government should redeem a vast issue of treasury notes, the purchase price of the former German railways, etc.

The rest was silence. The Treaties, the Twenty-one Demands, and all the rest, remained in force. "Some kind of compromise with Japan" sums up the motive, and the result, of what England, France, Italy, and the United States accomplished at Washington.

Moreover, in the years that followed, the various representatives of the Powers adopted (without the open support, but with the tacit approval and sanction, of their Governments) the Japanese policy of disruption. Wu Pei-fu at Hankow, Cheng Chiung-ming (the protégé of Hongkong), Chang Tso-lin (backed by Japanese and Englishmen), Sun Chuan-fang (late of Shanghai), and others, kept the whole country in a perpetual state of baronial anarchy, each with Japanese interests behind him.

And the "experts" of Tientsin, Hongkong, and Shanghai, financed by these interests, who controlled

the foreign Press, concentrated on taunting China, stirring up strife, and preaching pious sermons—but most of all on inciting the foreign Governments to another effort at forcible partition of China, to render her teeming millions permanently safe for industrial exploitation.

CHAPTER VIII

THE CASE FOR RECESSION

IT is not too much to say that the People of China have been bound for over a century by treaties of a stringency and destructiveness unparalleled in all history. No other people has ever been forced, for instance, to import goods from abroad on terms highly preferential to the foreign-imported goods over the native products of the country.

It is not too much to say that the Chinese People have been the sponge for the whole world of Western greed to suck, and that their unhappy children have grown up under the shadow of a terror unequalled in all the story of mankind.

It is no good either to mince words or to belabour a point already proven over and over again, and attested by men such as Gordon, Sir Robert Hart, Lord Charles Beresford, Sir Francis Aglen, and the host of others.* Japan has been the chief beneficiary.†

* For my authority for these statements see the works cited in the Bibliography.

† The Japanese are, and always have been, past-masters in what they term the racial war of elimination. Opium and heroin, conveyed in safety along railways owned by Japanese and policed by their soldiers, under the Washington Conference settlement, have been the mortal bane of all China, and explain largely the collapse in morale of Chang-Tso-lin's régime—a régime drugged to inability under professed friendship by the very Power who stood to gain by his destruction. For Chang-Tso-lin (the servant

Upon the wars and quarrels consequent upon every Chinese attempt to stop this trade, and upon the hostility to foreigners in general, followed a general trade boycott on the one side, and determined war upon the other. The honest British traders repeatedly protested against their own Government's action, as many do today. But the "force-open-the-doors-of-China" argument prevailed always, and the Unequal Treaties were framed and enforced, territories were seized, the Chinese People broken into atoms, and their industrial revolution forced upon them in conditions of unparalleled horror.

The Unequal Treaties were founded upon the one idea that China was nothing but a market for foreign products, to become in time a market for cheap labour. This theory is the mainspring of every provision of the Treaties. And these Treaties, as a matter of history, have been enforced by every means of diplomatic and military pressure, and empowered by alliances of all the powerful nations at every date, against a people who despised and hated the use of force, and appealed repeatedly, and uniformly in vain, to justice alone.

The first Unequal Treaties were contracted after

of Japan latterly as in the early days when he earned together his brigandship and his imperial position by banditary against the Russians in the Russo-Japanese war) was to be the cat's paw of Japanese domination from Mukden to Peking. Chiang Kai-shih, defeated in August, 1927, by Communist intrigues organised by Russians and not unsympathetically treated by Japan, at last made good one terrific and horrible offensive in January, 1928: and the Japanese found a bomb with which to blow up Chang-Tso-lin on his retreat to Mukden.

the Opium Wars at the Treaty of the Bogue. They are not the product of individual ambitions and greed alone: they are also the inevitable product of the whole system of industrial and commercial organisation derived from the doctrines of Adam Smith in *The Wealth of Nations*, and developed mercilessly (and actually with a feeling of righteousness and enjoyment of Heaven's special favour) by the financiers of England and of the other great countries of the world. This system is none other than the means whereby a few people may enslave and bleed to death the coloured labouring population, turning them into mere instruments of degraded production, infinitely repeated, under the minimum conditions of health and happiness. This system is none other than the denial to men of the primary rights of humanity; and it is based on the supposition that men must be herded like beasts to produce the wealth of nations. It is a belief so opposed to everything conceived by the minds of the world's great thinkers, that it is difficult for anybody to realise the very plain facts of the case. For if there is any one fact generally accepted among men, it is that every man has a personality of his own, which has a right to be expressed, to the full, if possible. And it is on the negation of this primary fact that the whole Capitalist system in China has been reared.

Therefore it was quite natural that, in their dealings with China, the peoples of the West should be led into pursuing a course of policy calculated to enslave her vast population. And it is perhaps this force, more than any other, which has determined

the development of China. For China is the world's greatest fluid labour market.

If any man thinks this estimate is false, let him consider the following facts:

First, the Chinese people have not been in a position to organise their own industries, because of the ruinous preference of about 35 per cent. imposed in favour of foreign imports as against Chinese goods.

Secondly, the foreigners control the banks; and this control is utilised mercilessly to make it impossible for Chinese finance ever to determine the course of Chinese development.

Thirdly, the Chinese are controlled, at all vital points both economic and strategic, by the gunboats and aeroplanes of the foreigner.

Fourthly, the Chinese have no power of resistance, being essentially behind the developments of the West in devices and organisation of human destruction.

Fifthly, the Chinese, with their vast country, find it very hard, in face of persistent foreign intrigue, to get any Central Government capable of uniting the whole country by a sudden call to action, or controlling the sources of supply.*

Sixthly, the Chinese people love peace for its own sake, and always tend naturally to give away their very livelihood sooner than endure the bestiality of armed murder.

* The history of the Kuomintang, the Party of Chinese anti-Imperialists, is in the very brief introduction to my edition of Wong Ching-wai's *China and the Nations* (Martin Hopkin-

Seventhly, the Chinese people are not in any way gifted with the faculty for quick decision. They are creators and poets, not machines for murder or quick returns.

Finally, the Chinese people are not by any means the only people who have suffered in this way, and for just the same causes. It is not the question whether this can be done, so much as the obstinate belief that it can be continued; and it is very difficult indeed to persuade the beneficiaries of an old and obsolete system to abandon it just for the sake of justice and pity and love of men.

I urge again that the Unequal Treaties be forthwith cancelled, and that the whole of the concessions made under them be returned to China.

If China is successfully made an area of victimisation by all the nations of the world—and, as Sun Yat-sen so aptly termed it, a mere “by-colony”—then the world will be flooded with products of every kind, so cheaply produced by the starvation of the

son, 1927) to which I refer the reader. Today, after the most heroic struggle in history, the Kuomintang, leader of China, faces the Russian alone, as, with a world's support, Japan faced him, and turned him back—England's mortal enemy—from the East a quarter of a century ago. This is not the place to calculate nicely the steps by which China so has freed herself. This only will I say. The Kuomintang is the Party of Sun Yat-sen, formed by him in 1912, in an hour of despair, to carry out the aborted ideals of revolution from slavery to freedom. Yuan Shih-kai was a Cromwell in China, early corrupted by foreign interests: so that, after China had ridded herself of the Manchu Dynasty, in face of persistent foreign interference, China fell to a tyrant fierce, bloody, merciless, backed by the foreigner. Her resources were mortgaged, her customs escheated abroad.

Chinese labourers and craftsmen, that there will be no employment for our labouring classes. These are the alternatives; and the only sane one is to recognise here and now that China alone can form the economic link between the nations which is at present so sadly missing at Geneva, and wherever else the diplomats of the world gather to discuss peace and prosperity.

There is no other way at all. And we can but see in the future international development of China the one efficient solution of all problems facing our civilisation in its inevitable transition from an epoch of violence, greed, and misery, to one of prosperity, peace, and love for all.

It is not that this is a terrible or even a revolutionary choice, but that it is not the choice hitherto seriously considered by a world of men—or rather a freemasonry expert in gathering all the good things of life and squandering them in moral suicide. It is just a choice between sanity and insanity.

CHAPTER IX

DOCTOR SUN YAT-SEN'S CONSTITUTION

IT is now many years since Sun Yat-sen first proposed a new constitution for China. He founded his idea upon the American constitution as interpreted for him by Dr. Goodnow; and in this constitution he believed until he died. It is a plain fact that China needs a democratic form of government: for the people have fought bitterly, and are in no mind to relinquish the idea ingrained in them today. There is no reason in the idea that Fascist-Kuomintang dictatorship will end the revolution in peace. The people is not one to brook the continuance of a discipline they never loved: the strength of the Communist is derived from this Fascist attempt of last year and today. Italy is a problem of her own: China a separate problem. Nor could Mussolini himself be certain of any following were he a Chinese. Personality in China counts for all: but the great personality is Dr. Sun Yat-sen today, more so because his abandoned ideas are ever taking firmer hold of the people. His books, suspended for a time actually by the dictatorship, are selling in millions today. He is the ruler of China.

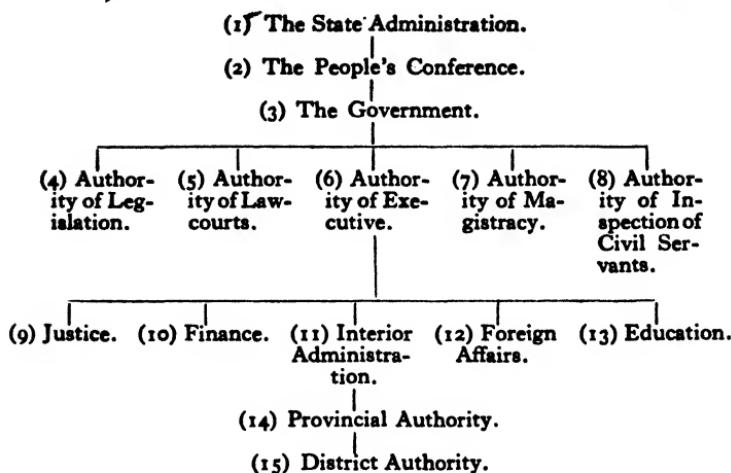
His idea was of a people democratic beyond all others: his study of ancient Chinese literature, a noted feature of his life, was modern to the core. He saw, he alone, in Confucius and Lao-Tse, the

philosophy of communism: his only trouble was the practical consideration that communism means four things, not one. It means for China, first, the domineering futility of trained and untrained Russians and pro-Russians. It means, in the second place, the domineering futility of every gaol-bird intent on class-war. It means, in the third place, such division as Russia witnesses. In the fourth place it means the creed of class-dictatorship.

Therefore he said repeatedly that communism is a matter of organised public services, nothing more at all. By organised public services he meant organisation of officials: by organisation of officials he meant the better administration of three things—food, clothing, and housing. He never said or thought, as his misinterpreters (among them Joffe and Trotsky) have said, that China may go Russian. His whole mind revolted from the Slav. He saw in them a barbaric culture, fine only in their justice to the downtrodden. This is proved instantaneously by the Three Peoples Doctrine. It is a doctrine I have already dealt with in one aspect: it is the doctrine of three peoples, Russia, England, America. These three were to him the essence of constitutional experimentation. In the comparison of them he found a constitution for China alone.

This constitution I now give, on p. 141, in his own diagram.

In opposition to the Administrative Authority, and created by it, and in a balance of creative opinion, he gave the people four rights, Initiation, Right of Recall, Referendum, Direct Electoral Rights.



What is meant by these four? I have already referred to them: here they must be expressed fully.

The Right of Recall is first in importance, for it contains the hold of the people upon the State Administration itself. The Administrative creates it by allowing votes to be taken on any citizen engaged in administration of any kind who may be chosen for voting on. In this event, his services and shortcomings are counted, and his retention of office decided on, together with any penalty accruing from his career as an official. This clause is the reason why the Fivefold Constitution, as he called it, referring to the Five Duties of Government, numbers four to eight inclusive, is not empowered today: and this is the reason why the people cannot be pacified. He foresaw how, in the course of the Three Stages of Revolution—the Revolutionary Organisation (1912-1924), the Uprising (1924-1929), the Reorganisation

following (1929-1949)—the officials would abuse their offices for gain or brutality.

It is no good burking the fact that in China officialism leads, as elsewhere, to coldness and injustice: nor can any man doubt the wisdom of giving all to understand, before the march of revolution commences, the necessity for holding tight the powers of democracy against counter-revolutionism. It is therefore in a day of upheaval that the people call now for the full empowering of this, their only hold upon those they have died and starved and suffered torture to empower as their leaders. Further, this power of the people is the only release, in hope as yet unfulfilled, of the inevitable Bolshevism to follow any attempt at counter-revolutionary dictatorship by anybody whomsoever.

Therefore, in a day of revolt against the Kuomintang, as it will be by the time this book is published, and in the year of China's fatal choice for liberty or enslavement to amateur tuchuns, I write again the history of the Revolution.

The Revolution against Imperialism is the title of Sun Yat-sen's Revolution. It is this that has won them over, nothing else at all. It is this that will one day be remembered, the *émeute* of tyranny by the people aroused. Therefore the Revolutionary history is that of the Red Spears, the Green Spears, the White Spears, and every Hwei (or secret military society) in China. These have empowered the cadets: without them nothing could have happened at all. Chesterton has written of England in the Great War that when history comes to be written the men of the future will

look to England to see who won it and find only a mob. But it is even more true of China. Nor can the Revolution ever be written. The men who gave it to the people are all dead. They have died in trench and mine, shot at and murdered by the very cadets they died to support. So Feng Yu Hsiang, the Christian General, has support yet all over China, because he stood against the disciplinary slaughter of Red and agitating anti-foreign soldiers and peasants. His Russian connection alone has beaten him now. This is because Sun Yat-sen swore to develop China parallel to, not on the same line as, Bolshevism. And why? He knew well, and all his writings prove it, the essential character of Bolshevism, its eternal regress to despair in poverty. He besought his followers to believe that Chinese Bolshevism exists only in Confucianism: he wrote it repeatedly for his friends. He wrote it in despair: for he knew the terrible *penchant* of his people for European and American ideas, for anything foreign.

But the people hardly understood his doctrines, and the cadets mercilessly slaughtered them in their hysteria of starved deliverance. No man knows how the war could have been won but for the magnificent courage of ununiformed and daring civilian fighters—the forefront of every Kuomin victory. But the cadets knew how China was situated. The international combine of Powers were determined on intervention, and the tragedy of the Kuomintang has been the indiscipline of a people goaded beyond self-restraint altogether. The Nanking outrages were incited by a mixture of foreign threats and in-

ternal explosionists, and it is only by self-murder that China has saved her existence at all. This is not to say her actions are dramatic or insincere. It is the tragedy of the French Revolution avoided successfully. So we can see the difficulty of empowering the people at the present date, and only patience may attain this first clause of Sun Yat-sen's constitution.

The first-mentioned right, the right of Initiation of legislation, is not yet implemented either. It is a clause borrowed from the practice of early America: it is the charter of a people against the retention of office by a gang or clique inimical to the public good. It is a means of securing the fulfilment of election promises. Backed by the right of Recall (ostracism), it is final.

These rights found a democracy on the model of France rather than of America, England, or Russia. Wong Ching-wai is right in supposing that the Girondins had the main influence, all unnoticed, upon Sun Yat-sen. The truth is that Sun Yat-sen saw in horror the impossibility of democratic rule in the day of trusts and combines in the West. No more searching student of Western failure ever lived. And if this seems ungenerous, it is fair to add that only Western justice saved his life repeatedly. Therefore he added the third power of the people, the power of Referendum.

The electoral organisation of China is to be by clans. It is the method of rendering the voting both local and traditional. He learnt the idea from the

Cleisthenean reform at Athens. He saw there a combination of locality with patriotism in the micro-cosm of the scattered tribe.* He was correct in this, as research proves today.

Therefore in the people was the empowerment, with its elected representatives the authority: and so we pass to the Government.

Administration is set first here. For it is on administration that democracy depends for expression. Here we find the idea of democracy in its highest form.

Democracy is no democracy if it be at the mercy of everlasting party brawls, or party pressmen. All European democracy is demagoguery of this order. This is Sun's analysis. Nor is it easy to see in any modern state the victory of party control so clearly as in the democracy of England. Repeatedly the people are over-ridden in deceit followed by committee theorisation. The House of Commons, to give it its name, is a sea of conflicting speeches: behind it in committee are the managers of the scene. Their work never appears in public. It is not allowed to. For committee work is secret in its essence. Elections are the sparring for the higher salaries. All men in England know this. They dare not even say it. If they do, they suffer the fate of Cecil Chesterton, the noblest fighter for constitutionalism in the history of England. It is so easy to say these things, so difficult to find a way out. Sun Yat-sen's way was to trust the people: it is a terrible way, but sincere. This is the first plank of his constitution,

* His book was Kenyon's translation of *ἡ Ἀθηναίων πολιτεία*.

the empowerment of the people by administration (highest of all official duties) of popular voting and regularity of attendance at the polls. Hence comes the question of census. Sun Yat-sen saw in women a factor determinant of the future, and acted on it. The women of China are to be equals of men in politics and diplomacy. For diplomacy is to be open and subject to referendum and recall. This is because the methods advocated by the Union of Democratic Control in England are, in his analysis, the correct methods of foreign diplomacy. All the rest appears as leading to immoral gambling in unwilling people hurled into the pit. It is no good saying the diplomats are representatives of the people chosen by the people's chosen leaders. This is not true. Continuity proceeds in the chancelleries of the world far from any voice of proletarian interference. It is most true of Russia today. It makes the League of Nations Conference a faddist farce protected by policemen from anarchists who were human lovers yesterday. Fascist Italy is the worst offender in this respect. But let it be said that Italy is at least efficient. This we cannot say for the system in other countries. Italy has seen honesty as the best policy, chauvinism as honesty of a kind. She is a force for peace, by telling people the meaning of the conferences. Her delegates regard in sarcasm all attempts to elude them. Diplomacy crashes by its own weight. Italy is the cause. Hence repeated attempts to destroy the Italian by the only weapon left to a decayed diplomacy. the wet blanket. It is needless. She destroys herself.

Democratic control of foreign policy is the alternative to a war turning to Bolshevism in the near future.

The second category of government is called by Sun Yat-sen government of the people by the people for the people. Lincoln's slogan is the note of all the Three Peoples Doctrine. For in America he saw the sum total of France's revolution. Not in a sense derogatory to England, he once said, "America alone has empowered the work of Oliver Cromwell." Nor is it plain yet that America does not contain the creed of the Puritan redeemers. Never have men so sullenly refused to be led astray by doctrines of conquest, of power in mastery, nor ever have men been so redeeming in their lavish gift of citizenship to fallen peoples. Not in any way derogatory to England is this statement: for so the old history of a people finds a new home and victory.

Sun Yat-sen therefore indicated a method by which all functions of government should be inspected, as in America, by special officials, for the redeeming of graft. This is his rationale.

The inspectional department he borrowed from America, and it exists in China today. Never before have officials worked so successfully with so little to redeem their poor existence as, cursed by a world of pressmen, the Kuomin officials have worked to stem the current of world-revolution in China; and if today witnesses an output of fruitless effort, vast as heart-rending, it is because China is tutelary, a "by-colony" of the world even now. This is the story of

the Kuomintang: a band of officials, brothers in all but blood, working together at once to save their people from foreign Powers unassailable and from their paid emissaries, the foes of the Revolution. It is a picture unexampled before, even in the worst days of French revolutionary beleaguerment by the powers of royalism and graft and militarism. For even the French had then the comfort of each other. This the Chinese have lacked; and why? We come to the Unequal Treaties again. Following on these, on each singly, came a wave of violent pro-foreignism among the merchants. For they saw in each change an opportunity of never-ending gain. Free from control by their starving people, they have mercilessly used and abused the alliance of the foreigner, thereby convincing a world of cynics of their own people's degradation directly wealth appears in the offing. It is so easy for residents in outports and concessions, fringes, pin-points of a population grander than any other (now at last), in faith to their own people, to point the finger at Ho's and Cohongs and Wei and Fat and San. But these men never falter in their allegiance to the ideals of China; nor do they hesitate to pay to the expenses of the Revolution. I come to a point of Chinese thinking reserved for this passage: the conviction that things-as-they-are are always sent by Heaven, by the Law of Existence. It is a conviction full of stubborn adherence to materialism.

The third plank of the Sun Yat-sen Administrative is the Executive. It is an executive of men trained

only in administration: specialists in education, public health and works, without politics of any kind.

I here come to a peculiar feature of the Fivefold Constitution. Party politics are deleted by the power of Recall. This is the simple secret he never stated save in queer stories designed to illustrate his eternal contention that an expert is in the service of his board of directors, to treat, and be treated, accordingly. He is therefore to be trusted to the limit. The official's board of directors is the People, in their Five Powers.

This is the sum total of the future constitution of China: it is empowered, as I have shown, in the chapter on her philosophy, by the belief inherent in the people: it is the solution also of the idea of a hive-swarm as the foundation of a politic. Criticised by Western theories of politics and statecraft, this is as ridiculous as Robespierre's Personal State, which it is. It is a world to be.

Sun Yat-sen prophesied 1949, in the San Min Chiu, as its year of realisation. For nineteen or twenty years the Powers must watch in patience a people at grips with reality, like themselves.

CHAPTER X

SOME OUTSTANDING PROBLEMS

“In a time of emergency, emergency construction is also required, and then only can the people be accustomed to new tasks.”—SUN YAT-SEN.

THE military and economic future of the people is matter of considerable doubt at the moment of writing. It rests yet to complete in practice the economic of Sun Yat-sen. Not often has a genius such as was he, failed to realise the futility of theory, with a result so unpractical. It is not often that a man has led a people to liberty with such ignorance of their opposition to himself. His influence as a creative reconstructor is almost dead today. But his son, Sun Fo, is a tremendous character, though always obstructed in his endeavours to set free the people by their dependence on foreign teachers and foreign materials. For they are not, as a mass, mechanical by nature, in a Western sense. Moreover, they lose their temper violently with any suggestion, in word or practice, that the foreigner is superior, even in this one respect. Hence the well-known smashings of machines and railways, in which their agitators help by attributing every evil of a changing, and tragically changing, industrial society not only to foreign economics and diplomacy, but also to foreign machines. It is a natural point of view, amply

paralleled by the machine-smashing of British Chartism.

Even more in military matters do they loathe the machine. For this reason, more than may be supposed, China faces the world in a degree of anger never before experienced by a civilised people. The hatred of the foreigner is not a hatred drawn from history so much as a hatred of superior power. "Da dao dee gwa tchwee," "Down with the Power Doctrine," is a slogan of the Red Revolution: but it is a slogan of the heart of China. It is well to ask by what subtle logic of "face-saving" all the implements of modern scientific production and living can be so ruthlessly travestied as being essentially weapons of destruction and enslavement alone. Yet it is not the Power Doctrine that China has met recently at the hands of the British. Had the armed might of White humanity been as ruthlessly used against China as it could have been, her people would have long since been obliterated.

It is curious that Sun Yat-sen, a man who realised all of China's difficulties, marred his greatest work, *The International Reconstruction of China* (a book unique in its universal grasp of world-forces, world-necessities, and the future development of world-finance, above all of economic geography), by his failure to envisage the mechanical aspect of his schemes. There is a mechanical aspect of them—an aspect the strongest argument of all for their immediate adoption—even so late as today. True, he designed schemes for water-power not feasible in the present state of water-engineering; he never saw

the difficulty of constructing great works, of such materials as China possesses, without complete electrification. Electricity alone can answer the demand for cheap power for developing into malleable shape the chemical materials of China. She cannot afford to import sufficient refined material to tackle an economic structure so vast and so unwieldy. Not only in the matter of railways, motor-fuel, road-facings for tens of thousands of miles, bridges to resist high pressure, pumping (of which, for efficiency, China needs in sewage and fertilisation no less than the equivalent of all Europe); but also, and most important of all, in the damming of her mighty rivers.

Yet, with what little capital they had, and at various times in the terrible years 1920 to 1929, the Kuomintang have reorganised their greatest cities in the matter of water and electricity, and in Hankow, Tsinanfu, and above all Nanking, have rebuilt and cleansed the constructions. Canton has striven, ever since its burning by the anti-revolutionary Chen Chiung-Ming in 1923, to construct the great new harbour in Whampao, and proposes to undertake the control of the Canton river shortly—a scheme more fitted to people who have more hands than money. Credit is always the trouble, and has delayed the fitting of Canton with power from the proposed electric station. However, these achievements are a sign of growing mechanisation.

Nor, curiously enough, did Sun Yat-sen think out a method of social application of machinery to industry (some such application, of a scientific

political order, there must be) so as to develop the people's living without entering on the industrialising stage that he rightly abominated in European history. The genius of China is for a free, even loose, organisation of the worker in production. The California experiment points the way; power transmitted to village centres solves, if it can be managed, all problems.

The economic foundation of a people cannot be altered without disastrous suffering, as we know. In addition, the whole character of Chinese mentality, as we have seen, is the character of a sporadic peasant population. Co-operative societies, together with the above-suggested scheme (they involve each other), must, and alone can, realise the repeated hope of Sun Yat-sen, that by cutting out the Manchester-doctrine stage in their now late industrialisation the Chinese may come abreast of the times, in such a strictly ethnic organisation as alone can save them as a unique entity in a world where competition in the trails already blazed would not only ruin their genius and peace, but also force them either to change their whole financial standard or to become the cause of world-wide overstocking of markets.

In a third way, the backward state of Chinese mechanics has hindered progress and postponed the national awaking. The revolution fell at the start too much into the hands of Russian would-be controllers, who have done their utmost to drive China into the world revolution of their desire as the "front rank of the workers," and even have run for that purpose so-called "Chinese information

bureaux" devoted to propagandising the Kuomintang so as to turn all civilised interests against it. It was only with difficulty that the Chinese removed these reckless inciters to crime, alike against the foreigner and the national revolutionary government, because they needed them as military engineers. These men have incurred a heavy load of responsibility, having rendered it impossible for unity to operate behind the pacific ideas of Sun Yat-sen; they have also rendered inoperative the open-market ideal of economic experts and patriotic merchants in the country. An economic dog-fight is almost as ill a thing for China as a diplomatic one.

But there is a danger in China of a last, sudden rising against all foreigners in the interior, a hive-swarm of hatred not to be checked. This danger very nearly threatens a world-disaster. For not only is the temper of the Chinese at fever-heat, not only are the Moscow Chinese, trained free in the misnamed "Sun Yat-sen University," now passing out of control in underground digging, especially at the roots of Christianity and Confucianism; but many interests in the world today wait for such an event, to reinstitute the ideas of the partition of China, the danger of which, so bravely contested by Sir Austen Chamberlain, surnamed in the Far East "The English Patriot," is of an international scramble so vast as to reduce all nations to dust in war.

In contrast to this fate, Sun Yat-sen saw China—as his successors will yet see her—a country which, by her wealth of raw materials in mineral and vegetation, as by her population daring in methods of toil,

industrious and parsimonious, will yet become prosperous; a vast, mainly inland, country, bitterly in need of bitterly resented reconstruction—bitterly resented because the people rebel against what they see as a yielding to civilisations that they cannot respect. He saw her a country whose population had been at a standstill for three centuries. Today she has lost one-sixth of her four hundred and thirty millions in civil fighting. She needs an outlet northwards, as does Japan. The political, economic, diplomatic and social problems call for all her people of ability and devotion, all her foreign friends: this tribute to the most loyal idealists who ever aided a people in despair.

By their sufferings alone the Chinese are destined to become a great people, therefore a determining factor in history in proportion to their numbers and potential resources, mastery of which must crown so fearful a struggle for self-preservation. Nor is this all. Thibet is, by tradition and history, a part of China, with a population of not above one and a quarter millions of degenerate people, occupying a determinant area of 700,000 square miles.

Regarded geographically Thibet stands as the final barrier between Pan-Slav and the East—a land of immense resources. It cannot be long before Thibet wakes completely to the necessary choice between amalgamation with China and isolation in face of Bolshevism, which has already spread its virus far in the country and proceeds at a crucial speed of penetration. The Russians have long realised the vast potential of Thibet, its strategic command of

China, Manchuria, India, Burma, Siam, in the air-epoch that is to come. Thibet's choice, voluntary or involuntary, will carry an historical importance.

Thibet is a problem insoluble by any European nation except Russia. It is a fortress either of Asiatic defence against Pan-Slav or of Pan-Slav offensive against Asia. The Thibetans, therefore, regard their vast territory today in fear, and, but for external pressures on the Chinese Government, would be openly in their protectorate today, amalgamating with their only kindred race. Peaceful and not brave or efficient in battle, the Thibetans are no more fit for self-defence than Zulu or Hottentot; in that character they face today the determination of every Government to exploit them, of the Russian to replace them *in toto*. It is no good dreaming—even were the dream founded on other than silly pseudo-romantic ideas—of an “old Thibet” surviving the age of super-steel. It is equally futile to answer this contention by pooh-poohing blandly what some may term old-fashioned world-politic in favour of wild Wellsian theorisations. The certain path of argument in human affairs remains that of political analysis derived from the facts of race, religion, and economics. On this analysis, Thibet's choice between Russia and China becomes the determinant of an age of peace or war in the next century of Far Eastern history: if for China, it is peace; if for Russia, it is war.

But must Thibet choose at all? The answer is in Russia, as everybody with any direct knowledge of Thibet today will agree. To Russia, now as ever, peace is propagandisation for war: war is propa-

“gandisation for peace. It is the peculiar Russian method of gaining all with a minimum of loss, at the same time as earning that distinction of outlook which above all the Oriental mind applauds. It is the Russian method of saying, “ We Russians are so different. For neither are we warlike, nor will we give place to cowardice. We are, in other words, a power tomorrow.”

To this argumentation, in its eternal syllabary, the Russian penetrationists have now added Bolshevism, a doctrine never practised and therefore of great attractiveness to peoples who live in dreams; actually including gratis unarguable (because nonsensical) slogans such as to justify murder and torture on every imaginable occasion. The murderer’s face is saved by the simple abolition of God. The brute is justified. Down go the restraints of Buddhism, as of Confucianism and Christianity, where it exists. Down come the scourges, and Thibet becomes, at a speed unguessed, the last, possibly the victorious, stronghold of the Bolshevik offensive against civilisation.

The Thibetans, therefore, cannot be let alone today. Nor can they be governed peaceably in the teeth of Russia, and of the Russian-created anti-foreignism reigning unchecked from Kashmir to Szechwan, from the Himalayas to Kashgar, unless China (would one could add “ and Japan ”) can free that now mortifying area from the knout that takes over from the Llamaserai. Therefore an Englishman may plead against the great central barbarism, for a responsible international committee of civilised peoples, to render Thibet safe in the defensive dis-

pensation of the Sino-Japanese group, that both Japan and China may find there, as also in Manchuria, a safe expansion northwards that may lift the weight of despair from the Pacific, save the sanity of India, secure the flank of Kashmir, and succeed the old partial balance in the Far East which was secured by the Great Wall of the Chin Dynasty. Pax Sinaica and Pax Japonica are catchwords of dispersion, of war. Why not Pax Orientalis ?

It is not popular to write thus in a time of settled un settlement, when the world is a fermenting culture-ground for Bolshevism to germinate in. Nor is it possible to write hopefully of the East without raising scornful hatred against pirates, murderers, tortures and immorality. But all the cruelty and agony of the East have not even now ripped from its peoples the smile that has abandoned ours in a life emptied of all vital significances, in a mentality that flies from the dangers of significant living to Bolshevism, to the economic of a people lost to human values.

We must recognise that this Thibetan people is today stirred also by wild ambitions, born of the picturesque angles of China's revolt; but it is disempowered by its religious sentiments of base superstition and basest fear of death. Never has another people of as much as a million in number so insistently cancelled out all proper rules of living in a headlong flight from the fear of death. Thibetan life is a make-believe in ineffectual priestcraft, and must become tomorrow, unless effective colonisation by Chinese and Japanese take over its vacant tracts

from a dying population, either a theatre of world-war between Red and White ideas, or a hive of Bolshevik slaughter for replacement by the Slav, the instrument of world-war even more destructive. If it is in horror and disgrace that we have watched the European neglect of the struggle of the East against the Bolshevik today, it is in greater horror that we may watch the Bolshevik, unconscious of all but a pseudo-humanitarian theory of international revolutionism, fighting for a lie, dynamic in origin as in development. All experts in Russia long ago have seen, or instinctively been led by, the fact, racial and always domineering in the mind of a people of lowest moral refinement, of the Russian, in sublime unconsciousness of his own mendacity, striving by all means for the domination first conceived by Peter the Great. Russia never has reminded us of her Pan-Slav Imperialism so strongly as in the recent epoch. China trusted her in 1924, but failed to see the rottenness in her super-creed until Borodin murdered one after another of the Chinese nationalists by an unparalleled system of assassination. He was the last proof to China of the unscrupulous rabies of Bolshevism. Since his deportation from Hankow, in the hour of his greatest slaughter of opponents in 1927, he has never lifted his head again. He may reappear: he may claim yet his allegiance to China, his Chinese citizenship; but never can he reassure the Chinese people of his integrity or constructive ability. The Hankow Communistic experiment was a failure beside which have paled all Russia's claimed successes. Borodin's murder-policy was continued by Russians

in Manchuria, and led to the present war. Rarely indeed has a people been so astounded as were the deserted Chinese in their bitter hour when all their public services were taken over by Red plotters, their post-office a hive of Bolshevism, even their wireless grafted, their railway used for Red Russian anti-Chinese propaganda, and when England opened negotiations with a people sworn to destroy her Empire, religion, people, and existence, preferring openly white murder to yellow independence.

It is easy to denounce this whole reasoning as chauvinistic, out-of-date. It is easy to denounce a racial analysis of politics, apparently, for those most colour-proud of all. This book is not over-ambitious. It accepts, as the one practical foundation of common-sense policy even today, the modest ideal of a world-balance wherein nationalisms may all be satisfied and every dream of super-nationalism be efficiently straight-waistcoated. It is always the extreme pacifist-theorist who in the end turns to world-domination, another inflated idea. Deflation is, however, a simple process, if we can accept the racial analysis, looking to racial origins rather than unhistorical cloud-cuckoo-towns. In the great store she sets by historical events China finds her one remaining cord of sanity. What if we cut that cord and leave her, after her lone desperation against Russian penetration and armed massacre, to face a Pan-Slav Thibet? What if we say to her again for the last—as it will be the last—time: “Go from this poorer than you came; your revolution of hysterical effort ends in even greater self-immolation”?

I use the word self-immolation deliberately. China's horrible fate has been political suicide of an atrocious order. It is no good burking truth, it is less good clinging to exterior-pressure solutions proposed by such writers as Woodhead, Soothill, or Bland, Boy Emperors, compradors of jobbing banks and consortia, traders in starvation and squeeze. By many have China's breasts been squeezed till they bled, but largely because she herself squeezed them also. All we have written of opium, of Chinese education, of Chinese philosophy, pales before the truth of Chinese perversion. In the West perversion means, in psychology, the misuse of sex; in China it means not less than denial of life. Barren is China today in a way in which few peoples have been barren; for children are produced to be killed, to be sold into slavery and flayed into subjection. Her young men go to battle. Here is the complete war-psychology that seeks ever in loud-voiced manhood, in visions of heroism, in heroism dreamed of by the victims of society, the manhood lost and self-lost throughout centuries of abandoned self-persecution. It is no good denying that the clinging curse of this people is barrenness of the will. How often in these last three years could the Chinese have easily allied themselves to the peoples of the West, who treated them with arrogance and subtlety and secret counter-plottings only, or very largely, because the arguments of anti-Chinese interests (never free from popular contempt in Europe and America) controlled hustling and wireless with their propaganda press, and proved again and again to be bitterly correct?

Many of China's greatest fighters have been those of her people overseas who again and again have given themselves wholly to answering in despair this violent and attested propaganda, giving up all for that, because they hoped and prayed hourly, in face of every insult and suspicion, to see advantages taken of the positions repeatedly won for their own patriotic party. It is not in any criticism of the Kuomintang leaders that this is written, but as an act of justice. The Kuomintang leaders have had the well-nigh insuperable toil, in face of all we have described, of educating, in the country they were liberating, a populace in declared revolt against all forms of government whatsoever. If, during the immediate years, the Chinese cannot unite themselves in the services of a political genius and leader winning enough to hold them together, wise enough to stand for an integral China from Formosa to Lhasa, from Mukden to Saigon, great-hearted enough to persuade the world of China's peace by her actions, and to convince China's people of the world's pacific co-operation in mutual self-development, China's hour will pass unprofitable away. Every great people has experienced a like—though few indeed so vast—a need in its hour of destiny. Every great people has answered it then.

Military control in that vast country of hives always degenerates in plurality. The people is temperamentally rebel against the strongest tuchun. This is the source of power for Chiang Kai-Shih's enemies in his Presidency today. The denunciations of Wong Ching-wai from Europe have this sentiment

behind them; it is a sentiment that has wearied the people and their unbreakable President in the bitterest hour of this winter of 1929. But in Chiang Kai-Shih it would seem that the so-named Reorganisation Party may find a great leader, not an enemy, when he can enter on a second lifetime of service recovered from the exhaustion of the most desperate and mighty campaign for a people that has ever ended in victory.

This giant ability of Chiang Kai-Shih is well enough known in the world by now. What is not recognised is the fact, known in China, that Wong Ching-wai also is a man of stupendous possibility. It has been the possession of both at the same time, and the factional folly working in the entourage of both, that, far more than any external or internal opposition to the Kuomintang, have delayed and ruined the popular reorganisation. It is not for a foreigner to comment further: but it would appear that the core of China's frequent ineptitude has been in the unwisdom of pressing, unscrupulous, and often mischief-making courtiers, whose voice has maddened to estrangement a great dictator and a great theoretician. But today China must witness the end of both claims to power. Chinese sentiment demands the return of a greater personality. It is Madame Sun Yat-sen.

Behind the President, Chiang Kai-Shih, is the Plenary Session of the Kuomintang, composed of representatives of all the people very carefully chosen, but men of little finesse, little self-discipline in prosecution of party moves: for party politics can hardly be mastered effectively in three years,

in the turmoil of revolutionary perils and war after war for existence. Without consent of this Session no supplies may be granted, no policy launched. Experts have to expend themselves rather on persuasion than on incisive action. Against trained diplomats it is a system cumbrous and mainly helpless. It is not easy to see how such a body, containing, in the party struggles and intrigues surrounding personalities, many underground currents, can effectively become in a short period the efficient instrument needed by the supreme leaders.

Therefore the world must for a while yet regard in sympathy the struggles towards freedom of a people upon whose successful emergence from a drift of destructionism depends the balance of peace east and south of India.

The question of education in the future remains for discussion, and in this matter we may well leave it to the hands of the Chinese themselves to find their solution. It is not without qualms that I dare to express the view that foreign training has failed entirely. Even in the matters of medicine and surgery China has her own experts now. Nor is it possible to see room for universities of a Western type. Organised games, again, have never been and can never be received in any degree of popularity. True, the Chinese make excellent footballers and cricketers, but they have no respect for the emotional enthusiasm, the atmosphere of excitement which is the accepted *milieu* of athletics in England. Such audiences as football matches attract in Hongkong, Shanghai, and

Tientsin, enjoy them in a spirit of exhibition visitors, and make jokes better not repeated. But, organised athletics apart, how can we expect to see in China the life of a European university? It is better far to realise that the cadet-idea is that now accepted naturally, that Whampao is the model. This may appear militaristic, but it is true. And if the foreign teachers, who are so devoted to the upbringing of China, would only forego their foreign ideas, and realise the difference between Asiatic and European cultures, there are good opportunities yet to come for professors and doctors there one day. If today they are losing all they gave their lives to gain, the life of the people of their choice, it is because they are uniformly obstinate in regard to the athletics of their charges. Cold baths and gymnasia are out of date. There is room for manhood in creative endeavour so great as to leave these things used or forgotten, as occasions serve. There is in China a prejudice against all Kingsleyan theories of hearty masculinity, and there is anger at the idea that manhood exists in Nordic attributes. It is not admitted, nor will it ever be, that æstheticism is less courageous than broken shins, nor can men plead athletic qualifications in applying for posts in any department of life. It is a theory altogether repulsive to a Chinese that sexual control is in any way connected with pugnacity. For their ideal of the he-man stresses the "man" far more than it stresses the "he," and they look in contempt on the cave-idea as uncivilised and ridiculous. Douglas Fairbanks appears to them a very queer hero. Ivor Novello is the one serious screen

star for whom they have any use at all. In him they see their idea of a man; he is humble and sympathetic. Sympathy is indeed the one moral virtue in their eyes—the aim of male education. Therefore it is not easy to see in the Western universities any hope for China: she must develop on her own line, which is far nearer old French education than any other. The Little Schools of Port Royal, rarely imitated by Jesuits, are the only schools China has ever respected. It is to be remembered that the French have always adapted their teaching to the pupil. Indeed, Pascal is nearer to the Chinese mind than any other Western educator, and exemplifies in all his philosophical thought the teacher as they understand him. For a teacher must be a philosopher to them, and they are in no sympathy with the mechanical methods or the pragmatic mind of the Western schoolmaster or professor. This is why Western teachers are always at loss to gain the confidence of the Chinese student. The same tragedy has been witnessed in India. To tell a Chinese that a teacher or professor is not necessarily a philosopher to begin with, is like telling him he is to be trained by a bosun. This revolutionary—nay, impossibly cruel and exorbitant—demand, as it is to Western eyes, is the foundation of the teaching of the people of philosophy, not of religion, nor even of mathematics.

This is a viewpoint reminiscent of no European classicism. China is not like any other people in her view of the meaning of the human virtues. This we have seen. To help the weak is not an idea of China, nor is team-work, as we know it. But to give all

an equal opportunity of deep thought, this is mercy: to give all men their liberty of thought is culture. Liberty of thought will be the keynote of Chinese educational reform. It will be a reform not all unin-debted to Dewey and the psychoanalytic school of thought. Psychoanalysis is indeed the significance of the Chinese language; never have solid facts become symbolic even in expression. This is why to suggest, as one expert once did, the abandonment of the Chinese language in favour of English, is a profanity that ruined him forever. For the Chinese writing expresses solids, never abstractions: symbols always, and always inherently understood. If to a Western eye this language appears clumsy, so is raw nature; if it appears slow, so nature is; if it is the solid earth taking an artistic form, so is China. Art is therefore inherent in any recognised Chinese teaching, art is the breath of a people who yet believe in beauty as the all. It is an atmosphere best found in Europe in the Latin Quarter in Paris, whence the greatest of Chinese poets, Wong Ching-wai, has learnt the lesson of revolutionism. Revolution will be the core of Chinese education, because it must be founded upon equality. Liberty and fraternity are easy; equality the Chinese consider as the secret of all humanism. Equality not of mercenary opportunity, but of philosophy; not of a race, but of the international. And if it is safe to venture a prophecy, it is that co-education will come naturally as the only acceptable form of education; that æstheticism will leap over the narrow barrier of puritan philistinism not long from now. For æstheticism is, in this people's

opinion, the only answer to shame: in this prospect we may look for a *risorgimento* followed by a renaissance. It is so easy to ridicule this idea. The brain is the answer. Nor will the body suffer. For the brain produces its *milieu*. Nobody with a lovely brain can be ugly or ungraceful: this is the culture-idea east of Suez. Plato saw it a little. German so-called "faddist" schools did well with it before the war. Japan witnesses the failure even in physical characteristics of a people that has abandoned culture for athletics. Sexual mania is at the bottom of the muscle-idea, said Oyama. He should have known, a soldier unsurpassed. The white kimono is more than a ton of flesh, said Togo. It is therefore in delight that a world may witness yet a people redeeming itself by beauty of education, as one may dare to call a method founded on the æsthetic. And in this work many people look to Minister Wu Han Min as the probable fashioner of the new youth. For he is the man, above even his fellow-members of the People's Party, who resembles the ideal of the educator. An educator he is in his culture, his gravity, his soul of equality. The hero of Saigon will be tomorrow the hero of a movement of liberation exceeding the bounds of his own afflicted country. For the world will learn of China, if nothing more, this at least: that the æsthetic carries in itself the moral solution unfound as yet in the Western school and university.

China today therefore stands a people in wild hatred of her governors, in bitter hatred of foreigners,

flayed by a revolution strange and awful—awful because it is not in tears only but in a wild return to bestial savagery that she faces today the remnants of a mad dream of liberty. It is not so easy to make a revolution in lack of money, in starvation of women and children, in machine-gun fire directed by foreigners of every nation on the earth. The Chinese have lost in their war more by foreign-directed fire, that shook the Kuomin army before Peking and annihilated her hopes forever, than ever a nation lost in any campaign. For there perished the hope of the people, the riches of her heroes; and whatever men may rise on their bones, the flower perished that day. Instead of a nation ennobled there stands today one in madness of helpless protest; helpless to take the tide of history, helpless to be, as Sun Yat-sen and his friends designed, a positive aid in the construction of humanity's new epoch. It is not easy to say this, in the hour of Kuomintang difficulty in face of a renewed onslaught plotted by Russians in guise of Communists, by British soldiers in guise of White Russia. Russia is become, as ever before, catspaw and army of mercenaries. This is what the Press conceals today.

It is not impossible that such a state of things, taken in conjunction with Indian resurrection of nationalist violence, may yet break world-peace to fragments. But if that is so, the blame is not on the Chinese Government, who have tried all in their power to prevent an outbreak of any kind. What this must cost them in agony of self-accused treachery, they alone can tell. I plead again for a reasonable

solution, for a cordon of steel around a people permitted to face their own difficulties alone at last. If this appears an expense, for twenty years of horror, let men realise what is meant by madness. Madness is the outbreak of unrestrained and unrestrainable animal passions. Six hundred millions mad is what the world will see if this continues—men, women, and children. The only solution is now to try and make the people of the world realise the duty of hands-off, and to recall in disgrace the fighters of all foreign nations now belligerent in China.

EPILOGUE

CHINA faces her freedom. She faces a world regarded by her in the light of past wrongs. Of those wrongs I have said a little only. There are difficulties in bearing the wrongs done by one's forefathers: there is resentment in those victims of an evil tradition who today stand ruined for faults inherited almost unconsciously. There is a point, reached long ago in this case, when every concession to justice is regarded by a few untypical agitators as a concession to fear. Every delay sharpens both horns of the dilemma. The best time for justice is always the present.

China must choose her own path today: let her do so unmolested and in peace; let her finish her struggle against Russia. Let her develop herself after she has saved the East from Pan-Russianism.

I cannot see any responsible people encouraging either Russia or Japan against her. Pan-Japan and Pan-Russia are no substitutes for a third of humanity in peace and productivity and dignity. Not that such a project could ever be successfully foisted on China or the world at large.

But the world refuses to regard in horror a situation fraught with every horrible possibility: and there is a danger that men may suddenly behold a people in madness, a people the most numerous of all, a people—driven at last to despair by war and the

crippling stranglehold of capitulations—determined on a war to extinction: a war to end war by the simple device of fighting to the last drop of its own, and of everybody else's, blood. It is a theory held today by many Chinese intellectuals: that it is better now to see the end; that life is for a Chinese no longer livable. Our only possible reply is to remove the peace-weariness of China by removing the stranglehold of capitulations and annexations immediately.

So much is obvious. But I repeat here my conviction that an Anglo-Chinese alliance in victory is the only means of now righting an historic wrong: that the future will see what I alone have sponsored for four years. Nor can we but be thrilled by so curious a juxtaposition. For China is at once our geographical and social stand-by in a war necessarily waged, by whatever means, against those whose activities have been more subversive of England's Far-Eastern trade and empire than any other force ever turned against an imperial race. This is my reason for again appealing to a country wearied with anti-Bolshevist appeals. I do so in the knowledge that every setback of an unsupported China loses us a hundred thousand supporters against the Red terror in our Empire. I appeal to my opponents against those who, in England, would persuade us that east of Suez the Red peril is a legend. I need say no more of that. But in a work founded on the study of social origins, as containing the only key to an enlightened or reasonably successful diplomatic, it is well here to examine the social, not primarily the political, quarrel existing between ourselves and

China—the elements of a problem now engrossing world-wide attention.

It is not too late to see the faults and virtues, on both sides, which have led to this cultural uncomprehension, the basis and foundation of all the violences, injustices, hopeless despair and adventurous graft on both sides.

This cultural uncomprehension is the secret. That I have even to state it shows how far we have been misled by party cries here in England, by the awakening in China of a political situation more easily understandable than the intrinsic differences below all. But go to China, if you may, and you will see below this: you will see opposition so pronounced as to have justified, and more than justified, this book and what it contains.

APPENDIX

CHINA'S OFFER TO BRITISH INDUSTRY, MAY, 1928

When Dr. Wang Chung-Hui came to Europe early in 1928, in pursuance of the ideal and policy here set out, I immediately approached him, with a view to closing certain large-scale export cotton and other contracts for Lancashire, and, more remotely, of furthering in every way the Anglo-Chinese Trading Rapprochement to prepare for which I had given four years of effort. Lack of two millions sterling, and a situation arising from non-recognition of the Nationalist Government by England, at that time, effectually delayed discussion until all was past and gone. However, I reprint here an offer afterwards refused repeatedly by England and eventually, therefore, withdrawn, with all it meant to the North of England, by Wang Chung-Hui himself. It is interesting, however, as proof that in 1928, from March to August inclusive, China held her contracts over for us alone. All would have followed. There may be hope for the future, but Russia, Germany, Italy and France have taken the spring out of the one harvest I ever had to offer to my country.

CONSEIL DE RECONSTRUCTION DE LA
REPUBLIQUE CHINOISE,
MISSION ÉCONOMIQUE ET FINANCIÈRE,
6, RUE ERNEST CRESSON (14^e),
PARIS le 13^{me} Juin, 1928.

To PROFESSOR JOHN NIND SMITH:

MY DEAR PROFESSOR SMITH,

Having been approached by you on behalf of the Anglo-Chinese Trading Alliance, with offers of full British industrial co-operation in the trade, construction and reconstruction of China, and having

fully considered the matter, I am prepared, on behalf of the Central Committee of Reconstruction of the National Government of the Republic of China, to make the following preliminary offers:

It being always understood that, though I possess full powers of signature from the Central Reconstruction Committee, the agreement or agreements must be ratified by the said Committee before becoming operative:

**PRELIMINARY SCHEME NOW OFFERED FOR
NEGOTIATION.**

First—In the matter of increased facilities of communication, the Committee desires that the provinces of Chekiang and Kiangsu be supplied with an efficient network of modern roads, especially designed for motor transit.

We are prepared to grant to a British firm, or group of firms, the monopoly for fifteen years of a factory or factories in China (the details to be arranged in due course) by operation of which the prices of production may be much reduced through the assemblage in China of the cars and the construction, according to design, of many of the parts.

This agreement will apply to all motor vehicles of a market price not exceeding £300, or thereabouts, as may be settled. We desire especially a cheap and serviceable car of low but efficient horse-power, the design of which will be settled by the experts of the British firm or firms.

In return for the grant of this monopoly, we ask that the contracting British company or companies shall undertake the construction of the roads above mentioned at their own charge.

The mileage will total approximately 10,000 kilometres, the width of the roads varying according to need.

The details, plans and material construction of the roads will be agreed upon between the British experts and the Central Committee of Reconstruction.

Secondly—In regard to railroads:

We desire approximately 3,000 kilometres of railroads in the provinces of Chekiang and Kiangsu.

The routes and methods of construction to be agreed upon between British experts, acting as advisers, and the Central Committee for Reconstruction.

In the contracts shall be included the supply of all necessary fittings and rolling stock, as well as the construction of stations, etc.

In connection with this scheme we desire such financial arrangements as may be necessary to be made with British firms.

Should I hear that you have obtained the favourable consideration of the British Board of Trade, and of industrial interests sufficiently powerful, of the matters herein outlined, I shall be glad to receive from you, at your earliest possible convenience, detailed suggestions for the operation of the various schemes involved.

Trusting that our two Peoples may thus (as you hope in your letter) be most closely united in the period now inaugurated,

I am, yours very sincerely,
(Sgd.) WANG CHUNG-HUI.

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTE.

The memorandum submitted by you concerning the Anglo-Chinese Trading Alliance opens a different subject, which I shall consider carefully, to write fully at a later date.

But some such scheme can, I think, be arranged and worked satisfactorily: and it would draw favour from the settlement of such terms as I have indicated in the matters of communications in the first instance.

appeared Japan, ready to compete with England and Russia. The United States and France saw the dust but not the race.

During the Imperialistic invasion of the East, Japan and China had in the beginning met the same fate. Extraterritorial rights and the international control of tariffs had been chains forged on Japan also. To break them, Japan had exerted herself towards establishment as a Power. She both managed to solve her domestic difficulties¹ and entered upon a fixed foreign policy.

Japan's foreign policy had three stages :

(1) To free her hands by the reduction of neighbouring territories, such as the Liuchiu Islands and Korea ;

(2) To subdue China, so as to take her unique natural resources ;

(3) To fight against Europe and America, so as to maintain the international position of a first-class Power.

In pursuit of this policy Japan had, in the tenth month of 1871, taken the pretext of the Taiwan native problem to open war with China.²

¹ Mainly by the development of a constitutional monarchy.

² Some shipwrecked sailors from the Riukiu Islands (between Formosa and Japan) were maltreated by the Taiwan (Formosan) tribes. Formosa was then a part of the Chinese Empire. The Riukiu Islands were also dependencies of China. The Japanese Government, following China's refusal to punish the Riukiu islanders at their demand, sent a Japanese punitive expedition.

In 1874 the Japanese annexed the Riukiu Islands.

Both these actions were deliberately designed to produce war with China.

Since then, Japan had subdued the Liuchiu Islands and re-organised them under the name of 'Chung-Suen-Shien.'¹

Further, Japan devoted herself to the Korean question : and finally, in the sixth month of 1894, there occurred the Sino-Japanese War.

The result of this war was the Makwan Treaty.² This treaty has twenty-one articles. The most important are these five :

(i) China recognises Korea as an independent country.

(ii) China must pay an indemnity to Japan for her military expenses, amounting to two hundred millions of taels [about £25,000,000].

(iii) China conceded the Liaotung Peninsula, Taiwan [the Formosan Islands], and the Penhu Archipelago.

(iv) China undertook to treat Japanese officials and subjects according to the treatment accorded to the 'most favoured nations.'

(v) China undertook to open Shasi, Chunking, Soochow and Hangchow as Treaty Ports.

Afterwards, Russia, France and Germany united in forcing Japan to return the Liaotung Peninsula ; for which concession China had to pay thirty millions of taels.

The total loss of China, by this treaty, was not confined to the huge indemnities and the cession of large territories. For Japan obtained in addition almost all the privileges obtained by the other

¹ The Chung-Suen Group.

² The Shimonoseki Treaty.